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OCTOBER 4 to
OCTOBER 30, 1897

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BIGGEST AND BEST EXPOSITION EVER HELD IN NEW ENGLAND.

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Finest Music, and hosts of Special
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Grandest and most expensive Fair
of 1897.

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of \$35,000 to be used for the first
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rows, Miss Wills, Miss Wilson
and others.

Revival of old New England cookery
Cookery of Other Nations.
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The Living Room of 1697.

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Methods.

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Fifty Pieces—The Band of the Country. Secured at enormous expense. No such expenditure of money ever made before for an attraction for a Food Fair. People for twenty-five cents can hear music that always costs them from \$1.00 to \$2.00 at the theatres. This announcement will stir Boston and New England with pleasurable anticipations of the big show. Also, Reeves' American Band, Salem Cadet Band, First Regiment Band, East Boston Cadet Band.

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Souvenirs of the Irish Rebellion of '93
Pikes and Weapons used in Ancient
Warfare.

Costumes of Fisher Folk of Island
or Armah in Galway Bay.

Memorials of Gratten, Emmett and
O'Connell.

Piece of Blarney Stone.

Hill of Tara with dirt from Tara.

Irish Fiddles and Blow - Pipe with
dancing on Irish soil.

Peat and Moss with implements used
in cutting.

Soil from every County in Ireland.

Principal Attractions from Fair at
Athlone.

Laces from Belfast.

Irish Spinning Wheel.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

In charge of Geo. M. Whitaker.

A complete, interesting and pleasing exhibit.



THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume XVI.

No. 2779—October 9, 1897.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

To Cynthia, etc.

TO CYNTHIA.

Think not that with your gay Apparel
I fain would quarrel.
'Tis but a Niggard who denies
To Beauty her Accessories.
As well condemn the Violets blue
For sparkling in the Morning's Dew,
Or Meadows when enriched they be
With Spring-time's sweet Embroidery.

But, when the cunning of the Dress
Provokes a proud Self-consciousness,
When Girdle's clasp and Riband's tie
Permit the Thrills of Vanity;
When flowing Silks and Lace I see
Eclipsing sweet Simplicity—
Then, of a surety, I confess
I love not Art but Artlessness.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

OLD AGE.

It may be, when this city of the nine gates
Is broken down by ruinous old age,
And no one upon any pilgrimage
Comes knocking, no one for an audience
waits,
And no bright foraying troops of bandit
moods
Ride out on the brave folly of any quest,
But weariness, the restless shadow of
rest,
Hoveringly upon the city broods;
It may be, then, that those remembering
And sleepless watchers on the crumbling
towers
Shall lose the count of the disastrous
hours
Which God may have grown tired of
reckoning.

Athenæum,

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE HAVEN.

Of life's fair boons, not least its brevity:
Thy fragile barque, some merciful decree
Hath saved from cruising on a shoreless
sea.

For, ordered otherwise, thy heart would
grow
Aweary of the endless ebb and flow
Of waters, whose confines no man might
know.

Ever the changeless, infinite expanse,
No isle or headland to relieve thy glance,
Sure, this were bondage past deliverance!

Ah! better thou should'st feel the bitter
blast,
And fare with tattered sail and broken
mast,
So that thou reach the anchorage at last.
Though round thy prow the adverse cur-
rent flows,
And baffling winds thy eager course op-
pose,
A peaceful haven waits thee at the close!
Laisure Hour. FREDERIC J. COX.

THE GRAVE, THE GRAVE.

(Mahlmann).

Blest are the dormant
In death: they repose
From bondage and torment,
From passions and woes,
From the yoke of the world and the snares
of the traitor.
The grave, the grave is the true liberator!

Griefs chase one another
Around the earth's dome:
In the arms of the mother
Alone is our home.
Woo pleasure, ye triflers! The thought-
ful are wiser:
The grave, the grave is their one tran-
quillizer!

Is the good man unfriended
On life's ocean path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath?
Are his labors requited by slander and
rancor?
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-
anchor!

To gaze on the faces
Of lost ones anew,
To lock in embraces
The loved and the true.
Were a rapture to make even Paradise
brighter.
The grave, the grave is the great reuniter!

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The chamber of death,
And welcome the victor with cymbal and
psalter:

The grave, the grave is the only exalter!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

From *The Revue des Deux Mondes*.
BISMARCK IN RETIREMENT.

Since the twentieth of March, 1890—since the fatal day when Bismarck was sent to the rear—when, to use his own expression, “his master broke his head,” Prince Bismarck, on certain occasions, and especially when he has had fools to deal with, has pretended to bless the hand that dealt the blow, the happy change which had taken place in his life, the sweetness of the leisure which he now enjoys.

No longer feeling on his shoulders the heavy weight which he had carried too long, he had, he assured us, been restored to himself, to liberty; he was his own master, he could at last take rest. “Politics,” he observed, “is a wearying profession, a thankless task. It is an art, founded on guess-work, and at the mercy of accidents. It is a question of calculating probabilities, your business being to divine what your adversary is likely to do, and to frame, by the result, your own combinations and plans. If all goes well, you gather laurels; if not, you pass for a fool. Things went well in 1866; they might have turned out quite differently.”

Again he said: “To predict the destinies of states is much the same thing as predicting fair weather and foul. To do this you must forecast, far ahead, the inclinations and resolutions of some important person who lives at a long distance from yourself; and even when this is accurately done, it is still essential that the manoeuvres you have planned be executed at the propitious moment. All these anxieties wear out the body and murder sleep. To watch over the fate of millions of men, and still more, of millions of money—truly the task is too heavy.”

Such were some of the deliverances of this hermit withdrawn from the world. But more often he complained bitterly of the feeling of utter emptiness which he experienced, of the idleness to which he had been condemned. He declared that each morning when he woke, it seemed strange to him to have nothing more important to do

than to wind up his watch; that, at seventy-five, he felt too young—far too young—to do nothing; that when one has been a politician for forty years, it is impossible to be anything else; and that his only means of filling his days was to think and talk politics.

One could but wish, all the same, that he would make up his mind never to think or speak of them again. It was what was expected of him by his opponents, by his enemies, by all those whom he had annoyed, humiliated or injured, and who had greeted his fall with a sigh of relief. It was also what was expected by his former admirers, and still more by those who had once courted him or accepted his favors, and, who, having nothing further to hope from the fallen minister, were turning their uneasy eyes toward the rising sun; in a word, by the great company of those craven friends who feel themselves ill-used when they are placed in the alternative of disgracing themselves by their ingratitude or compromising their future by a dangerous fidelity in misfortune.

These hoped that he would do his best to be forgotten and even pretend to be dead already; that this man, who had governed Germany and Europe and made such a noise in the world, would behave in the future like one of those docile and well-trained children who find no difficulty in keeping both legs and tongue quite still. They ordained that he should busy himself merely with the cultivation of his garden, the storing of his crops and the thinning of his forests, and that his favorite diversion should be the offering of peaches to his dog, Tyras, who, it appears, is a confirmed vegetarian.

“Spend your years of retirement,” shrieked his enemies, “in redeeming your soul, and repenting of your numberless sins in the silence of contrition.” “We entreat you to consider your dignity,” implored his shame-faced friends in milder tones, under pretence of consulting his reputation, and by the intermediary of a Saxon newspaper. “Is it not dishonoring your past to allow yourself to be inter-

viewed by foreign journalists, after having accomplished the boldest deeds of your day? Astonish us by your abnegation, by your resignation! Do not follow the example of those actors, who have long played the hero, and cannot endure seeing another attempt the rôle. Have an eye to your memory, that men may be able to say of you: 'He was a true Olympian. His life was as harmonious as a symphony, as grand as an epic.' Make the end of your life worthy of its beginning! Disappear from this world like a sinking sun—not like a waning moon!"

Despite the eloquence of the Saxon newspaper, Prince Bismarck went his own way; being resolved, at all costs, to discover some congenial occupation, which might prevent his dying of ennui. He is no biblio-maniac, has no passion for trinkets, does not collect butterflies, cares but moderately for literature and the fine arts. If the day ever had been when he was an enthusiastic farmer, when, to quote *Mme. Bismarck's* somewhat exaggerated statement, "he cared more for the size of a turnip than for all the politics of Europe," he had by his own confession too long neglected agriculture, to be able to return to it with pleasure. Add to this that he has never boasted of his philosophy nor claimed any resemblance to that praetorian prefect of the time of Hadrian, who, having fallen into disgrace, set off to end his days tranquilly in the country, saying, "I have spent seventy years on the earth; I have lived seven." He has never prided himself on being a saint, and though he gives himself out as a good Christian, he has more than once confessed that he was not good enough to love those who had no liking for him, and that, to the end of his days, he proposed to return affront for affront. They demanded that he should keep silence, he made up his mind to keep talking; and fully to explain his policy on all points. Thus he has by turns broken a lance with an enemy, or taken a fierce delight in embarrassing by his recriminations the odious clique of false friends, who had

flattered themselves that they would be able to keep on good terms with the vanquished without compromising themselves with the victors.

Moreover, his case was altogether peculiar. Such and such a minister, when dismissed, had been a broken man, worn out before his time; he had had his day, come to the end of his rope. Another had lost credit by his imprudence, by his folly; another was the victim of a revolution, which he had not been clever enough to foresee or control. When men are thus clumsy or unlucky, it is right that they should bury themselves in oblivion, solitude, and silence. If they persist in talking, if they set themselves up as critics or counsellors of their successors, the malicious are quite justified in reminding them that a coachman who has upset his carriage ought to refrain from harangues on the art of driving, or that a druggist who has caused the death of a man through a blunder, is expected to shut up shop.

Prince Bismarck was struck down at the height of his fame and good fortune; he fell, as a sound tree, full of sap, falls under the woodman's axe. He had committed none of those glaring mistakes which compromise the destiny of a statesman; he had experienced none of those serious defeats which show that the star is paling. The task which he had begun was prospering, and nothing seemed to indicate that his glance was become less clear, his hand less sure, that the hour of retreat had struck. He was put on the shelf because his young master wanted to be his own chancellor, and because many people felt that he had held office too long. "Comparisons are odious," as he himself once said, "but I think I should be well within the truth in affirming that my unexpected fall delighted as many people as did the death of Frederick the Great. All my good friends drew a long breath, sniffed in the air, and cried, 'At last.' They could not forgive me for having been prime minister for twenty-eight years at a stretch. Twenty-eight years! Think of it! What insolence!" His

system of government was so far from bankrupt, that the Emperor William II., when he took leave of him declared he should often take his advice, and even went out of his way to state that he had no intention of inaugurating a new line of policy, and that the new fashions would absolutely reproduce the old. Did not this authorize Bismarck's speaking freely, constituting himself a judge in such matters? No one was so competent to decide whether his pretended disciples had profited by his teachings, whether they remained faithful to his traditions and principles, whether the new policy bore his hall-mark, whether the child were his own.

"I have left the boards," said he; "my part in the performance is that of spectator merely. I am only a private citizen who likes to dabble in politics; but I have paid for my orchestra stall, and with it, or so I fancy, for the right to criticise—always provided that I do so fairly and like a gentleman, hissing neither play nor troupe." And for the first few months, he kept his word. He spoke of his successors and his master with moderation, with apparent good will. He seemed to have laid it down as a rule that he would be tactful, and not burn his bridges. He may have counted on his luck's turning, or even upon the conscience of the king.

The most artful politicians have their illusions and their moments of candor. Shortly before his fall, during an interview which he had at Berlin with the emperor of Russia, he had been asked by Alexander III. whether he felt sure of remaining in office, and he had answered: "Sire, I am absolutely sure that I possess the unlimited confidence of my master, and I believe that I shall stay at my post till the end of my days." His master betrayed his trust cruelly, but he did not lose all hope. He flattered himself, no doubt, that things would go from bad to worse, that they would be obliged to recall him, or at all events to have recourse to his good offices, and sound advice; that, though he might never again tread the stage, he would at least

be stage-manager. Later, tired of waiting, perceiving that his successors were taking themselves seriously, and thought they could get on without him, he became more aggressive. He made up his mind to treat the new chancellor, Caprivi, minister of foreign affairs, as "Minister Foreign to Affairs;" he protested that the policy of Germany was directed by "a half-pay trooper and a briefless barrister." His irritation increasing day by day, he even ventured to complain of "a certain young sporting-dog, that barks at everybody, bristles up at everything, noses round everywhere, and turns a room topsy-turvy in less than no time." He knows that his offences will never be punished; that he is protected against all prosecution by the privilege of genius and by the worship of millions of Germans, who consider his fame a national possession; that, after his death, his very enemies will forget his failings, that they will give him a splendid funeral, where the emperor will be chief mourner.

M. Johannes Penzler has undertaken to collect in five great volumes, all the words and deeds of Bismarck from the day when he became "a private citizen with a taste for dabbling in politics." The first of these volumes is just out, and takes us from the twentieth of March, 1890, to the eleventh of February, 1891. Those were the days when the expressions of the prince were somewhat restrained; but we may be sure that even when M. Penzler comes to the time when his Excellency threw off all restraint, he will approve everything and always give the verdict for his hero. Bismarck has often complained of his detractors and his enemies; he has never given us his views on those indiscreet admirers, who push enthusiasm to idolatry, and fall down and worship him. It is not enough for them to describe him as a politician of genius, one of the greatest who has appeared in history. They maintain that, impeccable and infallible, having no passion save love of the public weal, he has always sacrificed to this, his own personal interests. They laud his

generosity and his gentleness; they class him with the peace-makers, the meek, who shall "inherit the earth." They try to persuade us that in all his disputes, he was never in the wrong, that he never injured anybody, that there are no shadows in the picture, that this star of first magnitude shines with the purest of rays; M. Penzler is one of those intrepid German panegyrists who pursue with enthusiasm their chosen profession of polishing up suns and taking out all their spots.

All the same, his book is extremely interesting. But he makes a mistake in believing that future biographers of the great man will find in this collection of scraps, documents at once instructive and precious, on which they may draw with entire confidence. The despatches and letters which he has collected, are authentic, no doubt, but for the most part unimportant, and the thanks returned by the illustrious hermit when presented with the freedom of some German city, give us no information. Even heroes find it hard to devise any new sauce, when serving up these dishes of compliments! The newspaper articles are much more curious—some indeed are distinctly worthy of attention—but M. Penzler admits that the prince never composes these, but merely gives the journalists the main points, the canvas, which they then embroider as they choose. He always reserves to himself the right of disowning them, of explaining that they do not represent his thought.

The paper which M. Bismarck most frequently honors with his confidence, with which he maintains close relations—the *Hamburg News*—has several times warned us that its staff is alone responsible for the articles in its columns; that while readers are at liberty to dislike them, it is strictly forbidden to ascribe them to any source whatever. With regard to the conversations between Bismarck and those interviewers to whom he deigns to open his lips, the same journal informs us that his remarks depend on his humor at the moment; the state of the

weather, and of his health; on certain circumstances which he takes into account, and also on the personality of his questioners, their manner of interrogating him, and the topic which they take up. Still more true is it that the turn which he gives to these long talks, depends above everything on his personal convenience, on the interest which he may feel in a given case, in explaining or concealing his real sentiments.

However abundant may be the documents and materials prepared for them, his future biographers will not be able to dispense with the gift of divination, and they will judge him rather by his deeds than his words. It is dangerous to trust what he says; it is dangerous to distrust him too utterly. Treating men with a supreme contempt, and at the same time preoccupied with the judgment of posterity, now he takes pleasure in defying the opinion of the public and now exerts himself to win its approval. Sometimes he pushes frankness to cynicism; sometimes he wraps himself in an impenetrable mantle, and—to use one of his own expressions—is to be seen only across "a wall of fog." But on no occasion has he said what he should have said.

They talk of making use of the X rays to discover dutiable articles which may be hidden in a traveller's trunk. What a pity that one cannot employ the radiograph to read the tortuous windings of Prince Bismarck's prodigious memory! There would be found, limpid and clean-cut as a crystal, all the history of the time with its minute details and its obscure undercurrents.

He said on one occasion: "Truth has no value for the Slav; truth is to them but the subjective image called up by their fancy or their desire; they feed themselves on appearances; they believe whatever they want to believe." Though he has some drops of Slavic blood in his veins, he had never been the dupe of appearances. His is not that lazy imagination, which idealizes or disfigures realities, but one which

outlines them with absolute precision. Moreover, this man of bronze, who has never troubled himself about being charitable towards his neighbor, has a wonderful suppleness of mind. He replaces charity by an intellectual altruism, which enables him to get inside other men's skins, to understand their feelings, their embarrassments, their interests, their secret longings; to examine their hidden thoughts, to probe their hearts and their plans. If he has defined politics as "a calculation of human probabilities," his own calculation has always been based upon a profound knowledge of situations and of men. He is not infallible; he has made mistakes. Do not set them down to any mental error, but to his fiery temperament, to his proud and stormy temper, to his nerves, his passions, his rancors, whose disturbing influence has now and then interfered with his calculations.

"What is truth?" queried Pontius Pilate. Truth is what Bismarck says to himself and does not say to other men. He has his moments of expansion, of caressing and talkative *bon homie* and then it is that you should be on your guard. He excels in the art of setting things out in false colors, and when he promises to tell everything, you may be sure that he will omit the principal point. The historians who consult M. Penzler's collection, will do well to be on their guard, and not take certain cheques payable to bearer for gold nuggets. In 1890 an interviewer having said to the owner of Friedrichsruhe that he was accused in Russia of having undertaken to bring Russian stocks into bad odor: "That is a mistake; rest assured that in this matter I am wrongfully accused." He added: "I give you my word—not the word of the diplomat who duped Napoleon, but the word of Prince Bismarck." This sounds well, but by what sign is one to discern whether one has to deal with Prince Bismarck or with the diplomat who duped Napoleon? Possibly Tyras knows; dogs have such keen scent! But he is discreet.

Somebody who had a chance to talk

with the prince was astonished at the marvellous facility with which he composed variations on a given theme. M. Penzler's book furnishes us with examples of the variations improvised by this clever artist. In his interviews, as in his "suggestions" to the papers, he often returns to the relations between Russia and Germany; it is a subject which weighs on his mind. He cannot bear to be accused of having contributed by underhand means or wilful neglect, to that cooling of the traditional friendship between Russia and Germany, which was so profitable to his country and so very advantageous to himself.

It has been alleged that he never forgave Prince Gortschakoff for having interfered in his affairs in 1875, and thwarted his new designs against France; and that he had something to do with Russia's being forced, by the Congress of Berlin, to forego the advantages of the treaty of San Stefano. These are pure calumnies, according to him, and his self-defence consists of an attack—his favorite method. In April, 1890, he said to a St. Petersburg journalist, M. Luvov: "I always approved of the Russian alliance; it was you who treated us as *Prussacks*, as dirt under your feet, and of course our relations suffered in consequence. Your great Gortschakoff, who, in his huge vanity, always treated me as his pupil, wished me well as long as my importance was slight; but he never forgave my coming to the fore, and he did everything he could to injure me, even when my policy would have been beneficial to Russia. I tell you, honestly, I was truly anxious to advance at your side, hand in hand; and at the Berlin Congress I was as Russian as a German can be. I was in truth nothing but the secretary of Count Schouvaloff." Then, under an impulse of nervous irritability, breaking his pipe, he went on in French: "Why did Russia withdraw her confidence from me, and then give me a kick in the back? Why did she make threatening speeches to us in 1879? Why am I made the object of undeserved recriminations? Ask your

diplomats; they know to what I have reference."

Some months later he spoke in the same vein to another Russian journalist, but this time the tone was less bitter, and he did not break his pipe: "To prove to you how great was the good will of my old William and myself towards you, let me tell you that during the whole course of the Russo-Turkish war we followed your operations with as much sympathy and attention as if they had been those of our own army, and that our joy was keen, when, after your repulse at Plevna, we saw you cross the Balkans so rapidly. You complain, above all, of my conduct at the Berlin Congress; do not forget that that Congress met in response to the desire of Russian diplomacy."

A bold assertion, to which, on a later occasion, he gave the lie. "In the spring of 1878," he now continues, "I was out of health, but when Count Schouvaloff came and begged me, in the name of the Emperor Alexander II. to convoke that Congress, could I refuse? We shared the task between us, Schouvaloff and I. He undertook to gain the participation of England; I that of Austria. From beginning to end, I was truly at the orders of Russia; I gave in to all the desires of the Russian plenipotentiaries; I supported them in all their claims. Is it my fault if these were not supported by facts? At that time I attached so much importance to the Russian alliance that I bore Gortschakoff's airs without a murmur. They really treated me at times like a flunky who had been slow about answering the bell." Nobody had ever suspected up to that time that the back-bone of Prince Bismarck was so flexible, nor that he was so eager to serve his friends.

Soon after this the *Allgemeine Zeitung* published a remarkable article on a pamphlet, just published at Leipzig with the following title, "How the Duke of Lauenburg, Prince Bismarck, has been the Promoter of the Russo-French Alliance." Among the many articles, collected by M. Penzler, and of which the authenticity is guaranteed

by him, there are few which show their origin so clearly. Ideas, style, arguments, close reasoning, under which can be discerned a passion, fiery, though controlled—all bear the mark of the lion. Bismarck is no longer chatting with an interviewer, he is addressing more competent judges whom he despairs of convincing that in 1878, his one thought was to make himself agreeable to Russia, and that as soon as she touched the bell, he would hurry to her, saying: "Here I am, you have but to command."

It was said, in this article, that the calling of the Congress had been demanded by England and Austria to the keen displeasure of Russia, though she had to swallow the pill; that she had come out of the war against the Ottoman Empire, with an army in bad condition, with an empty treasury, and in a state of utter isolation, and that, under such circumstances even a victorious power has to submit to the intervention of Europe; that everybody agreed in considering the stipulations of the treaty of San Stefano as inadmissible; that the man who asks too much, gets nothing; that if the Berlin Cabinet had upheld the Russian claims, it would have had all Europe on its shoulders; that the only rôle for it to play was that of an honest broker; that Bismarck, then as always, took as his one rule of conduct the interests of Germany; that without doubt, he had formerly been under great obligations to Russia in his differences with Austria and France, but that gratitude is not a political concept, and that if the statesmen at St. Petersburg expected to be repaid by favors, they mistook the man they were dealing with, and have only themselves to blame for their cruel deception. He had taken a different tone with the two editions of the *Novoje Vremja*, but the self-contradiction does not disturb M. Penzler; true devotees never discuss their divinity. Some one once asked how it happened that the councils, which are infallible, so often differed in their conclusions; a real believer answered: "It is to try our faith; each was right in its

season." Whether Bismarck calls a thing black or white, his panegyrists always accept his judgment, and never complain of his taxing their credulity.

Another topic is often discussed in the conversations reported by M. Penzler; namely, socialism, and we must do Prince Bismarck the justice of saying that, on this head, his tone never varies; although the opinions which he professes to-day agree but ill with certain acts for which the conservatives reproach him, and of which he perhaps himself repents. He declares that the workman with a vote is a formidable power, with which even the strongest governments must reckon; was it not he who gave Germany universal suffrage? He also declares that in substituting for the repressive policy, conciliatory measures, his young master has yielded to the impulses of a generous and candid soul, untaught by experience, but that to flatter oneself that one can remove mankind beyond the reach of a dangerous propaganda and the influence of the preachers of Utopias by trying to improve its condition, is a vain imagining, a mere chimera. Bismarck might be reminded that he himself once nursed this illusion, that when he busied himself with insuring the workman against accident, illness, and the risks of old age, he was coquetting with socialism. He pretends that this is not the same thing; he gets out of the dilemma by subtle distinctions; it would be more simple to confess that once upon a time he tried an experiment which did not succeed.

His theories on social democracy may be summed up in a few words. "I forgive my emperor for having requested my resignation"—so he says in substance to the pilgrims admitted to the honor of questioning their oracle—"He is young, ardent, active, he wants to make all men happy; but I do not myself believe that it is possible that they should be happy. Can you name a politician, a student, an artist, a lawyer, a manufacturer, who is perfectly satisfied with his income and position? However rich, successful, well-born or

well-placed he may be, do you know a man who desires nothing further? In short, do you know a contented man? How can the workman be so? Few pleasures, many cares, many privations, such is his lot. Pay him five dollars a day and before long, his wife will be clamoring for ten to dress her children or herself, and she will keep up her demands till he has caught the contagion of her discontent. The lot of the lower classes is greatly improved, and they are less happy than they used to be; as their wages increase, their needs multiply, and their appetites become more keen. At bottom, the universal discontent of both laborer and millionaire has its use. Were all men happy they would go to sleep; the human race would stagnate in disgraceful inertia; its enjoyment, exempt from all desire and all disquiet, would be that of those half-savages, on their fortunate isles, who live on air, sunshine, cocoanuts and bananas, which they are not even forced to cook."

He goes on to say that the greater part of the discontented workmen are not dangerous; that they have common sense enough to distrust the chances of a revolution, but that one can never be sufficiently on one's guard against the turbulent minorities, which are the minorities that control the world. He reminds his hearers that eloquent impostors are forever ascribing to the government the countless natural and inevitable misfortunes to which mankind is liable; that a government which compromises and comes to terms with these ill-omened charlatans, disgraces itself; that every concession made to social democracy is a sort of blackmail, the tribute paid by the inhabitants of the Lowlands of Scotland to the Highland chieftains. He concludes in these words: "My young master has a kinder heart than I, and he cannot be expected to have the wisdom of an old man whose hair has grown white in office. He wanted peace, I, war; for the sooner it comes the easier it will be to win. The greatest virtue for a government is energy, and a certain amount of severity is necessary,—

some maladies only yield to violent remedies. True philanthropy sometimes consists in consenting to bloodshed, in crushing a seditious minority, for the greater gain of the law-abiding, peaceable majority. Such is my profound conviction, and it is one cause of my disgrace."

The year 1897 had in store for Bismarck a great gratification. His young master has mended his ways; he seems to have become disgusted with his policy of conciliation. When he took the helm of government into his own hands, there was a general truce, a great calm entered into men's minds, everybody felt grateful to him for having relieved them of the omnipotent man who had ruled them with a rod of iron, and all tried to win his favor. It was then that Bismarck compared him to Penelope, surrounded by the suitors. He flattered himself that he should be able to play them off one against the other, completely subjugate them by the flattery of his facile, hearty, and abundant speech, keep his ascendancy by his personal prestige, and that they would be the docile instruments of his peculiar theories. But truces do not last forever. He met with opposition, experienced more than one defeat; and abandoning his hope of pleasing everybody, he resolved to please only himself. He has been reproached with "making laws about everything," with "wanting to keep in leading-strings a nation, patient, it is true, but in which day by day the consciousness of its rights and its dignity is gaining ground." Such was the tenor of the speech delivered at Wiesbaden the other day by Professor Reinhold, which has excited much comment. He dared to affirm, "That a coalition of disaffected citizens was forming all over the country, and that almost every one to-day belonged to the 'opposition.'"

The Emperor William II. is as fond of experiences and experiments as of travel. When he finds he has made a mistake, he does not persist; he has not yet said his last word. He is now trying a combative policy, he has come to a breach with his double parliament;

why be surprised that he has asked the aid and advice of the great statesman who was ever a fighter? As a pledge of peace, he has sacrificed those of his ministers who were in bad odor at Friedrichsruhe, and already the almanacs are prophesying that Bismarck will again be chancellor. This is going rather fast. Bismarck once said that there should never be two bulls in one herd and William II. is as fully persuaded of this as he.

Translated for The Living Age from the French of G. Valbert.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MRS. OLIPHANT AS A NOVELIST.

Few temptations beset the critic so closely as the temptation to be guided by personal feeling. Our estimates of many a man's work are unconsciously colored by the view we happen to have formed of his character or life. If nothing were known about Burns, or Byron, or Shelley, save the respective dates of birth and death, the average criticism of their poetry would be much saner than it is. In some instances, like that of Shakespeare, the world is lucky enough to know nothing of the author's personality. *O nimium fortunati sua si bona norint!* But man seeks out many inventions, and it is just in such cases that human ingenuity is tortured to eke out a scanty measure of literary criticism with liberal supplies of biographical conjecture. Barnes Newcome's method of handling Mrs. Hemans and the poetry of the affections will always be popular, though no one would dream of denying as an abstract proposition that the literary merit of "Jane Eyre," for example, depends upon considerations to which impertinent gossip and dubious legend are wholly immaterial, or of affirming that "Wuthering Heights" must be judged in the last resort by nice distinctions as to the precise degree of profligacy attained by Branwell Brontë.

It is one thing, however, to see the pitfall and another to avoid it. Practice, as usual, toils painfully and *longo inter-*

rallo after precept; and no common degree of watchfulness and self-restraint must be exercised by the critic called upon to review the work of one who was distinguished throughout a long and busy life by a rare combination of intellectual and moral excellences, and whose name was synonymous with unwearying industry, with unswerving rectitude, and with Christian resignation and fortitude under heavy trial and bereavement. Others have spoken elsewhere—and spoken for the most part not otherwise than she herself would have chosen—of Mrs. Oliphant's private life. The curtain has been lifted a little to give the world a momentary glimpse of what was passing on that studiously sequestered stage. Nor, so far as we are aware, has a single dissonant voice broken the harmony of the tribute of praise and respect which the press—to its own honor—has paid to one so very different both in her methods and in her aims from many of its more noisy heroes. Fresh as her loss is in the memory, it is with a feeling of profound diffidence, and with no ordinary sense of its—for us—peculiar difficulty, that we resume the task of surveying her work as a novelist¹—a task entered upon with a light heart some months before the melancholy tidings came, first of her illness, and then of her death.

In thus confining our attention to the fiction that came from her pen, we are very far from meaning to disparage the vast body of work which Mrs. Oliphant produced in other departments of literature. Few are so richly endowed as she was with the enviable faculty of assimilating historical or other information and imparting it to the public in an agreeable manner. Still fewer have so thoroughly learned the secret of the biographer's art. Her life of Edward Irving—to name but one of her performances in this kind—is little less than a masterpiece. Copious, yet not diffuse; bristling with detail, yet coherent and orderly; fed from innumerable sources through countless channels of informa-

tion, yet consistent and well-digested—it is not unworthy to be ranked with Lockhart's life of Burns or Southey's of Wesley. Neither are the readers of "Maga" likely soon to forget the ripe and sagacious criticism, often brilliant, ever shrewd and ever kindly, which she contributed to these pages over a tract of many years. Yet we believe that in fiction Mrs. Oliphant's genius found its truest and most adequate expression, and that the qualities which characterize her historical, biographical, and critical writings are there displayed in even greater intensity.

No one, we take it, familiar with the long series of her novels could doubt that their author held firm and well-fixed views on many subjects. That the whole bent of her opinion was Conservative is manifest enough, and her code of ethics was as old-fashioned as the Ten Commandments. She was too wise to believe in panaceas for the distemperature of mankind, or to suppose that human nature could be revolutionized by the invention of a taking formula or the turning of a felicitous phrase. Towards the opening of her literary career the world was engaged in schemes for regenerating the masses; and she laughed good-humoredly in "Margaret Maitland" at lectures, popular education, and all such early-Victorian prescriptions for hastening the millennium. Towards its close the world was agitated by projects which, professing to aim at the salvation of "the social organism," to borrow a cant phrase, were in reality subversive of civilized society altogether. If the reader of her novels fails to find a vigorous and sustained polemic on behalf of those institutions on which the very existence of the community depends, he must remember that since the time of the *Anti-Jacobin* considerations of taste, decency, and good sense, if not of principle, have forbidden violent attacks upon the family, or the open proclamation of the gospel of free love. But while he will seek in vain for any such stirring outburst as the memorable castigation inflicted in "Maga" nearly two years ago upon a writer who shall be nameless, he will find that the order and the conventions which society, half consciously, half unconsciously, has es-

¹ "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside." Henry Colburn, London, 1849. "Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel." William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1863. And other works.

tablished for its own preservation and well-being are everywhere tacitly assumed and heartily acquiesced in.

Mere theories of life, of course, and mere opinions on ethics or theology, however tenaciously held, are poor stuff in themselves to make a novel out of, as several notorious and terrible examples in recent years have taught us. From one point of view they may be thought an actual disqualification for the business of an imaginative writer, as tending to contract the range of the sympathies and to check the flow of the more generous emotions. It may even be contended—though we think the contention unfounded—that Mrs. Oliphant's cast of thought is specially apt to be mischievous in this respect. However the fact may be in other cases, no such result assuredly is apparent in her work. On the contrary, she invariably shows herself keenly susceptible of new impressions, and acutely sensitive to ideas "in the air." One aspect of this sensibility is revealed in the adroitness with which she would pick up some vexed question, or some craze, of the hour, and interweave it with the novel she happened to be writing at the time. Just as she availed herself of an extraordinary group of religious phenomena occurring in the west of Scotland, and made it serve as the basis of "The Minister's Wife," so, when people were chattering in magazines about "euthanasia," she seized upon the problem and presented it in concrete form with extraordinary force and poignancy in the earlier part of "Carità;" and so, later on, the "Crofter question" was made to play its part in "The Wizard's Son." Perhaps the most curious illustration of this readiness in making use of some passing fashion or mode of thought is supplied by "Kirsteen," which was written just about the time when fine ladies took to keeping milliners' shops. Borrowing the hint, Mrs. Oliphant made her heroine turn "mantua-maker," but with some temerity threw the date of the story sixty or seventy years back, with a result by no means unpleasing, if artistically rather unsatisfactory. The truth is that some risk is involved in the exercise of a gift more suited to the journalist than to the writer of fiction; and to be "up-to-date," which is essen-

tially the function of the former, means too often for the latter to be behind the times in the reckoning of posterity.

But Mrs. Oliphant displayed this sympathetic and sensitive quality in a much more important and legitimate manner, by showing her ability to enter into and to understand views of life and conduct towards which in the abstract she can have felt nothing but antipathy. She neither distorts nor exaggerates them, but rather puts the best possible face on them, and brings into prominence the element of reason or justice which may, perhaps, lie hidden under a mountain of discontent that resembles "contrarieness," and complaint that sounds no more rational than the grumbling of a spoiled child. No one, we should suppose, had more scorn than she for the "New Woman" movement, or for the attempt that has been made to overthrow the accepted laws which regulate the relations between the sexes, and to substitute for them, not even the least elevated of ideals, but, the actual working standard of a portion of the male sex. Yet we doubt if the root-idea of the feminine revolt has ever been more clearly and temperately set forth than in the following passage from "The Wizard's Son:"—

All women are not born self-denying. When they are young the blood runs as warmly in their veins as in that of men; they, too, want life, movement, sunshine, and happiness. The mere daylight, the air, a new frock, however hardly obtained, a dance, a little admiration, suffice for them when they are very young; but when the next chapter comes and the girl learns to calculate that, saving some great matrimonial chance, there is no prospect for her but the narrowest and most meagre and monotonous existence under heaven, the life of a poor, very poor single woman who cannot dig, and to beg is ashamed—is it to be wondered at that she makes a desperate struggle anyhow (and alas! there is but one *how*) to escape. Perhaps she likes, too, poor creature, the little excitement of flirtation, the only thing which replaces to her the manifold excitement which men of her kind indulge in—the tumultuous joys of the turf, the charms of play, the delights of the club, the moors and sport in general, not to speak of all those developments of pleasure, so-called, which are impossible to women. She cannot dabble

a little in vice as a man can do, and yet return again and be no worse thought of than before. Both for amusement and profit she has this one way, which, to be sure, answers the purpose of all the others, of being destructive of the best part in her, spoiling her character and injuring her reputation,—but for how much less a cause, and with how little recompense in the way of enjoyment! The husband-hunting girl is fair game to whosoever has a stone to throw, and very few are so charitable as to say, "Poor soul!"

Again, it is remarkable how much of Mrs. Oliphant's interest seems to centre in certain of her female characters, who in real life would by no means deserve unqualified approbation. If some of her heroines are mild and savorless, she is not the first great novelist against whom such a charge has been brought. But the study of a woman not, of course, vicious in the technical sense, but inspired by no very lofty aims, not succumbing to her "environment," but getting the better of it, rising superior to every fresh difficulty, doggedly pursuing the ends she has set before herself, and employing in that pursuit the panoply of cunning and intrigue with which her sex is supposed to be endowed, seems to have attracted her irresistibly, and to have evoked her powers to their fullest extent. Julia Herbert in "The Wizard's Son" (*apropos* of whom the passage we have just quoted was written), though her portrait can scarcely be called a full-length, is sketched with wonderful directness, fidelity, and animation. Phœbe Beecham, in a last belated "Chronicle of Carlingford," is no less admirable, and her final triumph over old Mr. Copperhead, whose son she has determined to marry, must be hailed with acclamation by every kind-hearted reader. Best and greatest of all is Lucilla, the heroine of "Miss Marjoribanks," which is perhaps Mrs. Oliphant's most signal success as a piece of analysis and character-drawing. Besides its workmanship the cobwebs spun by the subtlest of American novelists seem composed of the coarsest pack-thread. Yet amidst the intricate tangle of motives and feelings, so delicate and slight that a heavier or less steady hand would have made sad work of them, there still beats a woman's

heart; and to find a revelation of feminine character to match this one we must turn to "Emma" or to "The Mill on the Floss."

Into some descriptions of character, it is true, Mrs. Oliphant seems to have been unable to enter, or at all events she was unable to reproduce them with distinctness and effect. What we may call the "actress" or "adventuress" type of woman, for example (a specimen of which may be found in "A Poor Gentleman"), had doubtless not come within her own immediate observation; and her attempt to depict it suggests many reminiscences of other people's novels. Adventuresses after all are kittle cattle, and few are the writers who have "made an 'it' with them, to borrow Mr. Beecher's phrase from "Salem Chapel." Similarly Mrs. Oliphant's heart seems to fail her in the portrayal of villains. Jack Wentworth and the Miss Wodehouse's brother in "The Perpetual Curate" are not the real thing, and the raffish Underwood in "The Wizard's Son" does not abound in vitality. For precisely the opposite reason she is equally unsuccessful with her millionaires and parvenus, who are painted in the most repulsive colors. Mr. Penrose, in "Madonna Mary," who seems really to have had no more serious fault than that of being a sharp and prosperous man of business, is shaken and *scorried*, so to speak, much in the same way as any character whom she particularly dislikes is dealt with by Miss Ferrier. Mr. Copperhead, in "Phœbe, Junior," comes off even worse; while Pat Torrance, in "The Ladies Lindores," is revolting in his brutality, and is so overdrawn as to throw the whole picture out of keeping. We wish indeed that the same severity of treatment had been applied to Oswald Meredith in "Carità"—a most finished young snob and cad, whom Mrs. Oliphant "lets down" all too gently for his deserts, out of fondness, we suspect, for his affectionate mother.

Even if this enumeration does not exhaust Mrs. Oliphant's failures, and we do not pretend that it does, the successes remain in a vast majority. There is that rabid evangelical Mrs. Kirkman in "Madonna Mary," worthy to hobnob with old Lady Southdown; and there is Winnie Percival, spoilt and

incomprise, in the same book. There is Miss Charity Beresford, that pungent old lady in "Carità;" and there is the old maid of the helpless, weeping, and generally "fusionless" variety, exemplified by her niece Miss Cherry, or by Agatha Seton in "Madonna Mary." There are Miss Dora, Miss Leonora, and Miss Cecilia Wentworth, the aunts of the Perpetual Curate, whose place is with Jacky, Nicky, and Grizzy Douglas; and there is Mrs. Fred Rider in that short but telling sketch, "The Doctor's Family"—the foolish and incapable wife of a selfish ne'er-do-weel, and almost the only female personage in her works towards whom the author's attitude is one of unqualified disapproval. Among men, there is Kirsteen's father, Douglas of Drumcarro, old West Indian slave-driver and West Highland laird; there is Lord Lindores (a portrait which strikes us as particularly true to nature), whose easy-going amiability is transformed into inexorable worldliness by unexpected accession to a title and a landed estate; there is his son, Rintoul, "rampant" in his ingenuous worldly wisdom, and as firmly set himself upon marrying a penniless beauty as he is upon his sister marrying riches and position; there is the father of the "Rose in June," Mr. Damerel, the embodiment of refined epicureanism and self-indulgence; and there is Dr. Marjoribanks, the hard-headed parent of the incomparable Lucilla. Our list has been compiled, so to say, at random; it contains no character of more than secondary importance; and we have left the rich treasures of the Scottish stories and of the Carlingford series practically undrawn upon. Yet, such as it is, it may satisfy the most sceptical of the wide extent and diversified nature of Mrs. Oliphant's domain. Her talent was *borné* only if it be *borné* for an author to keep his head, to refuse either to clamor for the burning down of ninety-nine persons' houses in order that the hundredth may have a meal of roast-pig, or to join in the shrill and importunate pleading of the socially mutilated fox in favor of tails being generally dispensed with.

The most conclusive proof, however, of Mrs. Oliphant's keen susceptibility to impressions is the remarkable vividness with which she could convey them.

There is no more prominent feature in her art than the combined precision and delicacy with which the physical and social surroundings of her characters are indicated. Her novels are rich in "atmosphere;" the setting of the gem is a subject of anxious care; the background of the picture is not left to take care of itself; nor are the *dramatis personæ* permitted to wander about seeking for a lost *milieu*, or a *monde* which once was theirs. Even the weakest of her books begins well. There is no beating about the bush. Miss Austen herself scarcely enjoyed more fully the gift of putting the reader *au fait* of the situation, or of mapping out in a few bold and sweeping strokes a serviceable *carte du pays*. The pity is that, in Mrs. Oliphant's case, her hand often seems to tire so soon, and that as the work proceeds the lines become somewhat vague and blurred. To us, in truth, it seems the merest paradox to pretend that she would not have written better had she written less. But take her at her best, and dissatisfaction vanishes. Every street in Carlingford seems familiar to us. If we put up for a night or two at the Blue Boar, we should need no guide to take us round the town: first to Tozer's shop; then to Mr. Vincent's lodgings at the High Street end of George Street; on to Salem Chapel in Grove Street; winding up, after a dash through Prickett's Lane and Wharfside, and a peep at the elaborate decorations at St. Roque's, with a sumptuous luncheon at one of those comfortable mansions that stand in dignified seclusion behind the high brick walls which front Grange Lane. Our only fear would be that the temptation to greet that portly shopkeeper or yonder ascetic-looking clergyman on the strength of old acquaintance might prove overwhelming. And it is the same with quite different scenes. Miss Rhoda Broughton in "Joan" has gone very far to make us realize or remember what summer may mean in poky quarters bounded by a dusty highroad. But we mop our foreheads even harder as we pant and groan with worthy Mrs. Burchell up the steep hill which leads to Miss Charity Beresford's delightful house in the neighborhood of Windsor, and, once arrived at our goal, are transported by the deli-

clous coolness, the undisturbed repose, and the exquisite fragrance of the garden with its innumerable roses. What an acute perception Mrs. Oliphant had of the little matters that make all the difference between comfort and discomfort in externals! Again and again she reverts to the *res angusta domi*, contrasting it with the results of opulence; and the large family living on narrow means is one of her favorite topics. It is the afternoon of a dull and soaking autumn day; the mother is worrying over her accounts in a vain endeavor to make two and two amount to five, or to three, as the case may be; the distracted father has perhaps slipped off to his "library" to write a sermon; the small and barely furnished sitting-room is full of children, the younger ones with jammy fingers and dirty pinafores, the older attempting to keep order, and wrangling among themselves. It needs but the entrance of an untidy maid-servant with an ill-trimmed and evil-smelling paraffin-lamp to give the finishing touch to a pathetic study of squalor and discomfort. What reader of Mrs. Oliphant but can call to mind more than one such picture?

In none of her stories is the effect of "atmosphere" more triumphantly attained than in those where the scene is situated in Scotland; for Mrs. Oliphant knew her native country, and she knew its people. And if we may discriminate where all is excellence, she seems to reach her very highest level when she sets foot in the Kingdom of Fife. "Katie Stewart," one of her most beautiful productions, and the first of a long series of stories to adorn the pages of "Maga;" "John Rintoul," a simple yet affecting tale of life in a fishing village; and the "Romance of Ladybank," a slight but singularly graceful sketch—are all very different in kind from one another. Yet they have this in common, that each of them transplanted from the soil of Fife would forfeit the greater part of its peculiar charm and virtue. What could excel the description in "Katie Stewart" of a well-known portion of the East Coast?—

The little town of Anstruther stands on the side of the Firth, stretching its lines of grey red-roofed houses closely along the margin of the water. Sailing past its little quiet home-like harbor, you see one or

two red sloops peacefully lying at anchor beside the pier. These sloops are always there. If one comes and another goes, the passing spectator knows it not. On that bright clear water, tinged with every tint of the rocky bed below—which, in this glistering autumn day, with only wind enough to ruffle it faintly now and then, looks like some beautiful jasper curiously veined and polished, with streaks of salt sea-green, and sober brown, and brilliant blue, distinct and pure below the sun—these little vessels lie continually, as much a part of the scene as that grey pier itself, or the houses yonder of the twin towns. Twin towns these must be, as you learn from those two churches which elevate their little spires above the congregated roofs. The spires themselves look as if, up to a certain stage of their progress, they had contemplated being towers, but, changing their mind when the square erection had attained the form of a box, suddenly inclined their sides towards each other, and became abrupt little steeples, whispering to you recollections of the Revolution Settlement and the prosaic days of William and Mary. In one of them—or rather in its predecessor—the gentle James Melvill once preached the Gospel he loved so well; and peacefully for two hundred years have they looked out over the Firth, to hail the boats coming and going to the sea-harvest; peacefully through their small windows the light has fallen on little children, having the name named over them which is above all names; and now with a homely reverence they watch their dead.

A row of houses, straggling here and there into corners, turn their faces to the harbor. This is called the Shore. And when you follow the line of rugged pavement nearly to its end, you come upon boats, in every stage of progress, being mended,—here with a great patch in the side—there resplendent in a new coat of pitch, which now is drying in the sun. The boats are well enough, and so are the glistering spoils of the "herring drave;" but quite otherwise is the odor of dried and cured fish which salutes you in modern Anstruther. Let us say no evil of it—it is villanous, but it is the life of the town.

Straggling streets and narrow wynds climb a little brae from the shore. Thrifty are the townsfolk, whose to-morrow, for generations, is but a counterpart of yesterday. Nevertheless, there have been great people here—Maggie Lauder, Professor Tennant, Dr. Chalmers. The world has heard of the quiet burghs of East and West Anster.

A mile to the westward, on the same sea-margin, lies Pittenweem, another sister of the family. Turn along the high-road there, though you must very soon retrace your steps. Here is this full magnificent Firth, coming softly in with a friendly ripple, over these low, dark, jutting rocks. Were you out in a boat yonder, you would perceive how the folds of its great garment (for in this calm you cannot call them waves) are marked and shaded. But here that shining vestment of seawater has one wonderful prevailing tint of blue; and between it and the sky linger yonder the full snowy sails of a passing ship;—here some red specks of fishing-boats straying down towards the mouth of the Firth, beyond yon high rock—home of sea-mews—the lighthouse Isle of May. Far over, close upon the opposite shore, lies a mass of something grey and shapeless, resting like a great shell upon the water—that is the Bass; and behind it there is a shadow on the coast, which you can dimly see, but cannot define—that is Tantallon, the stronghold of the stout Douglasses; and westward rises the abrupt cone of North Berwick Law, with a great calm bay stretching in from its feet, and a fair green country retreats beyond, from the water-side to the horizon line.

Turn now to the other hand, cross the highroad, and take this footpath through the fields. Gentle Kellie Law yonder stands quietly under the sunshine, watching his peaceful dominions. Yellow stubble-fields stretch, bare and dry, over these slopes; for no late acre now yields a handful of ears to be gleaned or garnered. But in other fields the harvest-work goes on. Here is one full of work-people—quieter than the wheat harvest, not less cheery—out of the rich, dark, fragrant soil gathering the ripe potato, then in a fresh youthful stage of its history, full of health and vigor; and ploughs are pacing through other fields; and on this fresh breeze, slightly chilled with coming winter, although brightened still by a fervent autumnal sun, there comes to you at every corner the odor of the fertile fruitful earth.

"Maggie Lauder, Professor Tennant, Dr. Chalmers!" How charmingly this characteristic little stroke of humor enlivens the whole!

Yet even more vivid and moving than this description of the external features of the locality is the following picture of domestic life:—

The night is dark, and this ruddy win-

dow in the Milton is innocent of a curtain. Skilfully the fire has been built, brightly it burns, paling the ineffectual lamp up there in its cruse on the mantelpiece. The corners of the room are dark, and Merran, still moving about here and there, like a wandering star, crosses the orbit of this homely domestic sun, and anon mysteriously disappears into the gloom. Here, in an armchair, sits the miller, his bonnet laid aside, and in his hand a *Caledonian Mercury*, not of the most recent date, which he alternately elevates to the lamp-light, and depresses to catch the bright glow of the fire—for the miller's eyes are not so young as they once were, though he scorns spectacles still.

Opposite him, in the best place for the light, sits Mrs. Stewart, diligently mending a garment of stout linen, her own spinning, which time has begun slightly to affect. But her employment does not entirely engross her vigilant eyes, which glance perpetually round with quick scrutiny, accompanied by remark, reproof, or bit of pithy advice—advice which no one dares openly refuse to take.

Janet is knitting a grey "rig-and-fur" stocking, a duplicate of these ones which are basking before the fire on John Stewart's substantial legs. Constantly Janet's clew is straying on the floor, or Janet's wires becoming entangled; and when her mother's eyes are otherwise directed, the hoiden lets her hands fall into her lap, and gives her whole attention to the whispered explosive jokes which Alick Morison is producing behind her chair.

Over there, where the light falls fully on her, though it does not do her so much service as the others, little Katie gravely sits at the wheel, and spins with a downcast face. Her dress is very carefully arranged—much more so than it would have been in Kellie—and the graceful cambric ruffles droop over her gloved arms, and she holds her head stooping a little forward indeed, but still in a dignified attitude, with conscious pride and involuntary grace. Richly the flickering firelight brings out the golden gloss of that curl upon her cheek, and the cheek itself is a little flushed; but Katie is determinedly grave and dignified, and very rarely is cheated into a momentary smile.

For he is here, this Willie Morison! lingering over her wheel and her, a great shadow, speaking now and then when he can get an opportunity; but Katie looks blank and unconscious—will not hear him—and holds her head stiffly in one position rather than catch a glimpse of him as he sways his tall person behind her. Other

lingering figures, half in the gloom, half in the light, encircle the little company by the fireside, and contribute to the talk, which, among them, is kept up merrily—Mrs. Stewart herself leading and directing it, and only the dignified Katie quite declining to join in the gossip and rural railery, which, after all, is quite as witty, and save that it is a little Ffish, scarcely in any respect less delicate than the *badinage* of more refined circles.

"It's no often Anster gets a blink o' your daughter. Is Miss Katie to stay lang?" asked a young farmer, whom Katie's dress and manner had awed into humility, as she intended they should.

"Katie ye's no often so mim. What for can ye no answer yoursel'?" said Mrs. Stewart.

"Lady Anne is away to England with Lady Betty—for Lord Colville's ship's come in," said Katie, sedately. "There's nobody at the Castle but Lady Erskine. Lady Anne is to be back in three weeks: she says that in her letter."

In her letter! Little Katie Stewart then receives letters from Lady Anne Erskine! The young farmer was put down; visions of seeing her a countess yet crossed his eyes and disenchanted him. "She'll make a bonnie lady; there's few of them like her; but she'll never do for a poor man's wife," he muttered to himself, as he withdrew a step or two from the vicinity of the unattainable sour plums.

But not so Willie Morison, "I'll be three weeks o' sailing mysel'," said the mate of the schooner, scarcely above his breath; and no one heard him but Katie.

Three weeks! The petulant thoughts rushed round their fortress, and vowed to defend it to the death. But in their very heat, alas! was there not something which betrayed a lurking traitor in the citadel, ready to display the craven white flag from its highest tower?

It is indeed in delineating the ordinary domestic relations and in recording the emotions to which they give rise that Mrs. Oliphant excels any novelist of her generation. The particular relation which seems to have interested her most was not the conjugal, though that was frequently her theme, and Dr. and Mrs. Morgan, for example, in "*The Perpetual Curate*," are a couple whom Balzac need not have been ashamed to call his own. The relationship on which she dwells with most insistence, and to which she constantly reverts, is that of

parent and child. This proposition scarcely stands in need of illustration; but an excellent specimen of her treatment of the topic will be found in "*The Wizard's Son*," where Walter Methven and his mother live in a state of perpetual friction. Walter is leading an idle and useless life, with which, in his better moments, he is disgusted, but to which his mother's petulant and injudicious remonstrances always drive him back.

The daily necessity of justifying it to another was almost the sole thing that silenced his conscience. The young man thought or persuaded himself that his mother's vexatious watch over him, and what he thought her constant suspicion and doubt of him, had given him reason for the disgust and impatience with which he turned from her control. He pictured to himself the difference which a father's larger, more generous sway would have made in him; to that he would have answered, he thought, like a ship to its helm, like an army to its general. But this petty rule, this perpetual fault-finding, roused up every faculty in opposition. Even when he meant the best, her words of warning, her reminders of duty, were enough to set him all wrong again. He thought, as a bad husband often thinks when he is conscious of the world's disapproval, that it was her complaints that were the cause. And when he was reminded by others, well-meaning but injudicious, of all he owed to his mother, his mind rose yet more strongly in opposition, his spirit refused the claim. This is a very different picture from that of the widow's son, whose ceaseless inspiration is his sense of duty to his mother, and adoring gratitude for her care and love; but it is perhaps as true a one. A young man may be placed in an unfair position by the excessive claim made upon his heart and conscience in this way, and so Walter felt it. He might have given all that, and more, if nothing had been asked of him; but when he was expected to feel so much, he felt himself half-justified in feeling nothing. Thus the situation had become one of strained and continual opposition. It was a kind of duel in which the younger combatant at least—the assailed person whose very will and independence were hampered by such perpetual requirements—never yielded a step.

Here is no mere dissection and analysis: the situation is firmly grasped and

realized, and therefore is vividly presented.

Mrs. Oliphant seems somewhat to have distrusted her own power of doing anything like justice to scenes and circumstances which had not come within the range of her own direct observation and experience. There is a modest disclaimer, for instance, in "Madonna Mary," of any attempt to describe life in India: a disclaimer which forcibly reminds us who it is that rush in where persons like Mrs. Oliphant fear to tread. Never was the "Chinese Metaphysics" method so diligently practised in fiction as it is to-day; and Mr. Pott's talented contributor might well blush at the popularity of his ingenious device. Historical characters are vamped up out of catch-words and anecdotes, and the result is as pleasing and satisfactory as a patchwork quilt; while portentous puffs announce that the new masterpiece of some pretentious coxcomb has been revised in appropriate passages by soldiers, sailors, scavengers, actors, horse-jockeys, members of the swell mob, music-hall artistes, and the clergy of all denominations. Many glaring solecisms would certainly be avoided if certain popular novelists would condescend to have their descriptions of polite society castigated by a committee of the nobility and gentry. But we prefer Mrs. Oliphant's habit of frankly avowing "ignorance, pure ignorance," and believe that she was well advised in her diffidence. Withal her knowledge of history, at all events, and all her attachment to the past, the strictly historical novel was a *genre* in which she was wholly unsuccessful. "Magdalen Hepburn," if it be readable, is nothing more.

What then, it may be asked, of the region which Mrs. Oliphant made peculiarly her own—the region believed by most people to be wholly beyond the scope of the senses, the region of the "unseen," of the supernatural? Mrs. Oliphant manifestly had a strong predilection for topics transcending the limits of ordinary human experience, and we believe that in yielding to it she at once gratified the taste and stimulated the interest of an immense section of the public. We should rather conjecture, indeed, that she shared the illogical though widespread opinion that

every well-attested case of a ghostly apparition is, somehow or other, an additional testimony to the truth of revealed religion. Whether such a belief contributes to the effective telling of a ghost-story may, however, very well be doubted; and Mrs. Oliphant's ghost-stories, though workmanlike and dexterous (for she never relapsed into the amateurish), are neither very favorable specimens of her powers nor comparable to the efforts of others who were perhaps less inclined to believe than she. She is even more disappointing when she employs the supernatural in a long story. The mysterious stranger in "The Wizard's Son" is excellent up to a certain point; but how is a being to be held in awe whose very existence (as we are told) comes to be doubted by the persons whose lives he has powerfully influenced? A spectre who is merely the means of conveying moral lessons, and who once incurs the suspicion of representing nothing more imposing than some great moral or immoral principle, has lost his true occupation. "Wandering Willie's Tale," "The Phantom Ship," and "The Haunters and the Haunted" represent the three sound methods of dealing with the supernatural; and if its adaptability to the requirements of the moralist first put the public on the scent of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that was the book's misfortune rather than its fault.

In "A Little Pilgrim" Mrs. Oliphant of course approaches the unseen on a much more serious and solemn side—a side on which no thinking man would willingly cast ridicule or contempt. We trust we are fully conscious of the simple and unaffected pathos, and of the deep and heartfelt reverence, with which the subject of the next world is treated; and we are sure that the pages of that little volume have carried consolation and refreshment to many a sorrowful and penitent heart. If the thing must be done, it could by no possibility be done better. Yet is not *tu ne quæsis* a safe maxim in all such matters? The speculations of the great pagan poet as to the future state, couched in the noblest diction, and abounding in the most memorable and affecting passages, may be read and re-read without any feeling of incongruity. But for the

Christian (so it seems to us), the wiser course is to remain satisfied with such hints as revelation affords, and to refrain from attempting to penetrate a secret which the Supreme Lawgiver has involved in mystery.

An indescribable sense of futility seems to be left behind by those excursions into the supernatural. Granted that the city of Semur, in the Haute Bourgogne, was seized upon for three days by "les morts" in clouds and darkness, what is the ultimate result of their occupation? Nothing. When the inhabitants are permitted to return to their homes, everything resumes its former course. No one's character is permanently altered for better or for worse; and the only tangible outcome of the terrible visitation is that wonderful visions are attributed by the Sisters of Mercy to Pierre Plastron, who had remained behind in the town and seen nothing—as happy a flash of insight that into human character as can be found in all Mrs. Oliphant's writings. We heartily agree with those who think "A Beleaguered City" a great book. But its interest lies not in the supernatural, but in the human; not in the doings of the ghostly invaders, but in the conduct of the men and women whom they drive outside the walls. The wife and the mother of the Maire are admirably characterized and discriminated. But it is Martin Dupin, the Maire himself—fussy, consequential, half-sceptical, half-credulous, affectionate, and stubborn—who dominates the book, and, in truth, he is one of Mrs. Oliphant's greatest triumphs. Once more, too, we notice the astonishing ease, accuracy, and skill with which the "atmosphere" of life in a French provincial town is diffused over the work.

These, then, are two of the main qualities that mark Mrs. Oliphant's writings—the sympathetic and masterly delineation of character, and the vivid presentation both of external scenes and of the circumstances in which the action of her personages takes place. When these excellences co-exist—which they by no means always do—little room is left for plot; nor was plot one of Mrs. Oliphant's strong points. Not that she dealt in wild improbabilities, or inconceivable

complications, or impossible disentanglements. Tact she never failed in. We can picture to ourselves how a writer of coarser fibre and more vulgar instincts would have revelled in marrying Mr. Vincent to Lady Western, or how one of a more sarcastic and fiery temperament would have made him abandon in disgust the errors of dissent and embrace "those of" the Church. Mrs. Oliphant knew better than either. Thus she kept well within the bounds of good sense and accuracy, and paid her readers the compliment of assuming that their intelligence was at least not below the average. We recollect of chancing once in a country inn upon a romance from the pen of a female writer whose popularity with the lower middle class is unbounded, and who, unless our memory is at fault, found a post-card from a veteran statesman to be the stepping-stone to success and "fame." The book contained an account of a Scottish criminal trial, in which, of course, the hero, through no fault of his own, was the prisoner. He was tried by a jury of twelve; the jury disagreed in their verdict; and the prisoner consequently came up for a second trial on the following day. Mrs. Oliphant would have been ashamed of such a tissue of inaccuracy. Her law may not be always plain; and we have never quite made out what Mrs. Lennox wished to do with Grace in "Margaret Maitland," and why Grace's guardian let her do it. But there are no glaring or outrageous blunders; and it says much for her accurate habit of mind that in the decade which witnessed the decision of the Yelverton case she wrote a novel turning on the law of marriage in which no hole can apparently be picked: a task which considerably exceeded the powers of Wilkie Collins.

The truth is, that in reading Mrs. Oliphant's novels one does not stop to think of the fable. One may sometimes look back and admire the ingenuity which brings about unexpected combinations of the pieces on the board, as in "Phœbe, Junior," where the least likely thing in the world would seem to be the close friendship of Tozer's granddaughter, and Mr. Northcote, the dissenting firebrand, with the family of so excellent a churchman as Mr. May. But

in nine cases out of ten the question one asks is not, What will the next conjuncture be? but, Given a certain conjuncture, how will the various characters comport themselves? When melodrama is introduced it is ineffective: the mysterious Mrs. Hilyard is the one blot on "Salem Chapel." Probably Mrs. Oliphant's most successful attempt in the tragic vein is "The Minister's Wife:" an impressive and powerful story, for all its inordinate length. But, after all, what lingers in the memory is not the hero, or the heroine, or the villain, but the talk at John MacWhirter's smiddy, or the dialogue between the minister and Mr. Galbraith when the "materials have been brought in, and the toddy has been brewed.

The crowning grace of the novelist of manners is a gift of humorous observation, and it is one of which the Fates have been lavish to women. Miss Edgeworth (in her children's books), Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, Miss Catherine Sinclair, and George Elliot—writers of very different degrees of merit—displayed it in rich measure. Even Miss Brontë had a little; and many a woman of comparatively mediocre abilities has written delightful novels merely by giving it full play. Mrs. Oliphant, as every reader of the "Looker-on" and of her reviews in "Maga" knows, possessed it in abundance, and it brightens all her novels. The parish minister's wife who "thought it became her to show a special interest in the East;" the view of dissenting Carlingford that a grocer's lady has a right to anything her parents can afford, but that it would never do for a minister's wife to swell herself up and try and ape the quality; Mr. Tozer's vigorous pronouncement that clever young men ain't the sort for Salem ("we want them as is steady-going and them as is consistent, good strong opinions, and none o' your charity"); Miss Leonora's "meek air of self-contradiction" when she disclaimed infallibility; Miss Wodehouse's "instinctive disinclination to admit that anybody ever had been happy,"—these are but a few samples of a humor, spontaneous, refreshing, and free from any tincture of malice.

Differences of opinion must necessarily exist as to which of Mrs. Oliphant's novels is the best, and we should not be disposed to quarrel with any one who awarded the palm to "Margaret Maitland." Modelled obviously upon Galt, it is a work of extraordinary finish and maturity for a young girl to have produced. The very idiom in which it is written is peculiarly attractive, and harmonizes perfectly with the subject and scope of the tale. No genuine Scot can surely fail to be grateful to Mrs. Oliphant for her pictures of his compatriots. Her Scottish servants—her Marg'ts, and Baubies, and Rollses—are perhaps a little conventional. What Scottish servant in the fiction of the last seventy years has not owed much to Andrew Fairservice and more to Caleb Balderston? But all the rest of Mrs. Oliphant's Scots characters come fresh from the mint, and bear the stamp of nature. If the present generation believes all it is told, it must be at a loss to form any consistent conception of the Caledonian of the humbler classes. According to one set of informants, he is a drivelling sentimentalist with a sob ever ready to be merged in an ostentatious cough ("hoast," we should say, or "pech") on the shortest notice. According to another, his normal and habitual standard of thought, speech, and conduct is that of a hind returning from a hiring market. Mrs. Oliphant falls in with neither faction; but perhaps her pages convey a notion of her fellow-countrymen somewhat nearer the truth. Galt and Sir Walter, at least, seem to be on her side, which ought to count for something. Those, too, who are ecclesiastically minded may note that the feelings of the better sort of Non-Intrusionists at the time of the Disruption—the old High-Church sentiments which their descendants have bartered for the barren formulæ of English dissent—are portrayed in "Margaret Maitland" with a power quite beyond the reach of the most eloquent of high-flying tub-thumpers.

With all respect and admiration for "Margaret Maitland," however, our

own view is that Mrs. Oliphant reached the zenith of her art in the *Carlingford* series. What judicious selection of material! What dexterity of handling! What lightness of touch! It was a happy thought to group the characters round Church and Chapel, and it would be hard to say of which division the idiosyncrasies are most happily touched off. Perhaps, if anything, the dissenters are superior in execution. Or is it only that they are a little more amusing, and afford a more promising subject for humor to play about? Comparison with Trollope is, of course, irresistibly suggested; and we are not prepared to say that in "*Barchester Towers*" he did not reach as high a level as Mrs. Oliphant. The vast mass of his work, however, seems to us to be inferior in quality to hers; and he was at all times apt to fall into a hastiness of construction, and a provoking slovenliness of diction, to which at her busiest she was a stranger. The future social historian, at all events, will find much matter in the "*Chronicles of Carlingford*"—will find, indeed, the most apt and trustworthy of commentaries on Mr. Matthew Arnold's favorite texts. It is needless to run over the familiar characters who fit so admirably into the picture as a whole. But we must own to an exceptional regard and liking for Mr. Tozer. The scene at the meeting in the chapel where he takes up the cudgels for Mr. Vincent is one not easily forgotten. We have already indicated the opinion that "*Miss Marjoribanks*" is unrivalled as a study of female character. "*Salem Chapel*" has perhaps more bloom and freshness, yet we know of no substantial ground on which either should be preferred to "*The Perpetual Curate*." We decline, accordingly, to draw invidious distinctions, and beg leave to bracket the three at the very top of the first class.

A great deal is heard nowadays of the "profession" of literature, and a singular enough profession it must be, to judge by the utterances of its self-constituted spokesmen. To blow your own trumpet, to brag about your income; to make popular applause the sole and

final test of literary merit; and to whimper because you have no handle to your name,—that is the sum and substance of "professional" conduct—new style. One essential item we had inadvertently omitted: to abuse publishers in the most insolent and vindictive language. If there be any who are disgusted with the endless round of self-advertisement and vanity, and who hate to see an honorable calling degraded by its professing champions, let them turn aside and contemplate the career of Mrs. Oliphant. They will there find an illustration of how distinction and success may be won without the aid of any of those miserable arts, the practice of which, though infallibly disastrous to the finest graces of character, appears to be the rule rather than the exception. The results achieved by her genius—some of which we have endeavored to point out,—are not within the reach of all. The gifts of humor, sympathy, tolerance, penetration, good sense, and felicitous expression cannot wholly be commanded by human effort. But he who enters upon a literary life with Mrs. Oliphant for a model may rest assured that at its termination self-respect and independence will remain unimpaired, and that he can leave behind him the legacy of an unfurnished name.

IN NATURE'S WAGGISH MOOD.¹

BY PAUL HEYSE.

Translated for *THE LIVING AGE* by Harriet Lieber Cohen.

PART VI.

A longing that was growing stronger and stronger and would not be denied was consuming the little knight; it was such a harmless longing, too, only the desire to hear the voice of his song-bird of the garden—and yet he dared not divulge it to his friend for fear of the ridicule which the confession would bring on him. His eyes had rested on a charming picture for the past few evenings; the opening of the little gar-

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den gate, the passing out of the old lady and her granddaughter, and their almost immediate disappearance around the nearest corner. The picture inspired a hope. A few questions cautiously put to the tailor's wife drew forth the information that the young lady was fond of going to the theatre and that she and her grandmother went often unescorted, as their part of the town was so quiet and respectable. At once Hinze's plan was formed.

Late the following afternoon Magnus complained of a frightful toothache, and begged Hinze to leave him to himself; he would silence the nerve with a red-hot wire and then try to get a little sleep. The opportunity had come. Hinze stationed himself at his reconnoitring post, heard the garden gate click, and saw the pair go out arm in arm. Then followed an hour of silent waiting, but as soon as darkness had fairly settled down the treble voice might have been heard making solicitous inquiry, through the trap-door, as to his friend's condition. The answer was satisfactory; the operation had been successful and sleep was not far off. Then preparations began in good earnest. The very thought of his toilet created a tumult in his mind. His best clothes were brushed and inspected with scrupulous care, his hair was parted and smoothed with all the nice attention that a mother bestows on her eldest-born as she dresses him for Sunday school. His hat was tried on now in one position, now in another, and then an artistic stroke or two given to the soft crown. Finally the stick was picked up, the door was opened, and down the stairs flew the little gentleman, whistling a merry tune to keep his heart up.

Whatever feverish excitement possessed him vanished in the peacefulness of the night. He kept well in the shadow, as always, and, reaching the theatre, selected the quietest corner of the steps for his waiting-place. Fully an hour he sat there; the minutes were long, he was growing restless, his pulses throbbed. He compared himself to a wicked knight lying in am-

bush to carry off a beautiful princess—and all that this tiny knight meant to carry away with him was the memory of a voice. At the sound of approaching footsteps, especially if they were heavy ones, the little adventurer would shrink further back into shadow and pull his hat lower over his eyes; for his own safety he cared little, for the success of the enterprise, much. The night was mild and yet he felt a slight shudder creep over him, his head swam, and he had to make an effort to retain consciousness. The timely opening of the theatre doors roused him; in a moment he was up and on the alert, every trace of weakness gone.

A friendly heap of stones, left by some workmen, served him as a vantage post; standing on tiptoe he could overlook the entire throng. The audience dispersed slowly, but finally the object of his quest appeared, her footsteps slow and measured, as she led the old lady carefully down the steps into the street. The heap of stones was promptly abandoned, and the knight-errant strode boldly forth behind his lady-love and her duenna, so close behind that he could hear every word of their conversation.

And the voice—the voice that he had come so far to hear—was soft and clear and altogether lovely. There was a thrill in it that made his pulses beat tumultuously, it penetrated and warmed his very being; and the low laughter fell like rich, enchanting music on his ear. How bright she was, how gay and merry—a very child in her pleasure! How she rattled on about the play with involuntary little bursts of laughter at her recollections! But as it struck nine she grew suddenly serious, and wondered how grandfather was getting on, and there was a self-reproachful note in the voice at thought of grandfather's solitude and her own happy selfish pleasure. Then she quickened her step, and then apologized to her grandmother, for fear she was hurrying her too much. Presently she paused and drew back, for immediately in front of her a man with a battered high hat, coat and vest wide

open, and a torn umbrella over his head, came staggering down the street, humming a maudlin air, and clutching at trees and railings for support. At sight of the girl, he raised his hat and with a brutal laugh and oath cried out: "So you've come, have you, darling? Where have you been all the time, while I—cursed hole—they drugged the drink—but that's nothing. I'm all right. We'll dance the night through. Send the old witch home; we don't want her—come—gi' me your hand. What, little one! Don't you know me? Don't you know—"

He stepped closer and again stretched out a clumsy hand toward the girl who had placed herself directly in front of her grandmother and, in spite of her mortal terror, gazed straight into the drunken man's eyes.

"Please let me pass," she said in a trembling voice. "You are mistaken; they are expecting us at home."

Then came a fresh outburst of oaths from the drunken brute, while the old lady besought the girl to make good her escape.

"Be off!" cried a thin, boyish voice at the girl's side. "Can't you see that you are disturbing the ladies? Do you hear me? Clear out this minute or—"

The drunkard started and put his hand to his forehead. The girl turned to see where the voice came from, and beheld a childish figure close at her side.

"Do not be alarmed, miss," said the owner of the boyish voice as he doffed his hat and stood, brandishing his stick, between her and the object of her fear. "He will not hurt you. He has made a mistake in the person and no doubt is sorry for it now. Come with me."

He held out his hand as though to assist her in passing but he had reckoned without his host, for the wretch, recovered from his first surprise, stood with a leer on his face, holding his umbrella directly across the way and effectually preventing further progress.

"What's come into your head, little boy?" he cried. "Do you want to teach grown up people manners? Make yourself scarce, or I'll speer you with my

umbrella as I would a frog. But my girl here—"

His speech remained unfinished for at the last word his umbrella was dashed violently from his hand and thrown upon the sidewalk. "Ha, ha, you little devil," he cried thickly, his red face growing redder still with anger. "Is that what you're up to? You want to have a round of fisticuffs with me, do you? By G— you shall have it."

He seized the child, as he supposed him, lifted him high in air, shook him, and then flung him with drunken fury against the nearest house. From the little defender came a low groan, the girl gave a cry of horror, the old woman screamed for help, and in a few seconds the spot was filled with the idle and curious. The situation was clear at a glance and summary justice would have been dealt the miscreant had not he suddenly sobered, struck right and left with such well-aimed blows that the half-hearted crowd shrunk back and allowed him to escape.

In their indignation at the assailant the crowd had forgotten his victim; not so the girl who, half blinded by her tears, knelt by the unconscious little figure and staunching the blood that was flowing fast from a wound in his breast. Lamps were brought from the nearest house; the crowd now pressed more closely about the dwarf and exclamations of pity were heard on every side. A policeman at last wedged his way through the mass, recognized Hinze and ordered him to be taken to his lodgings at once. By this time the girl had lifted the little body in her arms, and, at the officer's orders, begged that he might not be taken from her; it might pain him to change his position and he seemed to be breathing more easily. So, followed by many of the curious, she tenderly bore her brave defender to his house, and prayed God she might not be taking him home to die.

Why did not Theodore come? Magnus, now that the storm of pain was spent, lay exhausted on his bed, won-

dering why he did not hear the little footsteps overhead, why everything was so strangely still. Perhaps Theodore, for fear of disturbing him, was walking about in his stocking-feet, but that explanation was not a satisfactory one and try as he would he could not sleep.

Presently there was the sound of footsteps in the street, then a noise in the house. Magnus jumped up. A sudden fear drove him up the ladder; he pushed open the trap-door and stepped into the room. "Theodore," he cried, "have you gone to bed?" No answer. He groped his way to the table, lit the lantern and held it aloft. There was no one in the room. Where could Hinze be at such an hour? He would go and ask the people in the house. The thought had scarcely shaped itself when there was a sound of voices on the stairs, the door was pushed open and into the room came Theodore's "little lady," in her arms Theodore himself. The grandmother, the tailor's wife and the other lodgers of the house followed close behind her.

No one noticed the towering figure against the wall, staring wildly, unable to utter a word. The girl laid her helpless burden gently on the bed, and sank on her knees at its side. Only the low wailing of the tailor's wife and the whispered questions and answers of the other women disturbed the stillness of the room. Again the door opened, very softly this time, and a doctor entered the chamber. He listened to an account of the accident, made a careful examination of the little patient, chafed the temples and administered some restoratives that were at hand. "He lives!" cried the tailor's wife, her tears bursting out afresh. The dwarf opened his eyes; they roved wearily over the faces clustered about the bed, then fell on the pale, anxious countenance of the young girl at his side. A faint smile settled on the pain-drawn lips; a color rose to the blanched cheeks. "Ah!" he sighed, and in his sigh there was bliss so true, so rare, that it seemed as though heaven's light were flooding the little soul. He felt

for one of his lady's hands, took it and feebly carried it to his lips, murmuring unintelligible words the while. Then the little face grew stern, the girl's hand slipped from his grasp, and a growing anxiety crept into his eyes as though he were seeking for some one he could not find. "Christopher!" he murmured faintly. With a hoarse cry of despair the giant staggered forward and fell on his knees beside the girl. The tiny hand was laid on his arm; once more a smile hovered over the bloodless lips, then the head was turned to the wall, the hand slipped nervelessly down, and the little flame of life was spent.

The white-faced girl was led from the chamber, curiosity seekers stole out one by one, the tailor gazed blankly about the room wondering what he must do next, while his wife wept quietly. At last she dried her eyes with the back of her hand, touched Magnus gently on the arm and asked if he would not go down to his room; she would remain with the body for the night. Her only answer was an impatient shake of the head. Could she bring him anything? Did he want a lamp? Her husband, whose sensibilities were perhaps more finely attuned than his wife's, led her away and Magnus was left alone. The dark lantern cast but a dim light about the room, the canary, who had begun singing his bravest when lights were high and voices many, was once more silent; doors were closed and a hush fell over the rudely awakened household. Magnus did not stir. More than once the tailor's wife crept to the door and peeped through the keyhole; always in the same position was the little figure on the bed, always in the same position the gigantic form at the bedside. The candle flickered and went out; the room was left in darkness, and the weeping woman could no longer see within.

When, next morning, she noiselessly entered the attic, Magnus gazed at her omnibusly with his bloodshot eyes, as though questioning her right to set foot in the consecrated room. Undaunted

by this mute repulse she declared that the body must be dressed, and Magnus must leave the chamber, for the coffin was already ordered. No other hands than hers should touch the dear body, this she swore; Mr. Magnus knew what store she set by Mr. Hinze, had he been her own child she could not have cared for him more. But Mr. Magnus must not see the preparations; it would be too much for him. She would call him when all was ready.

The stricken man looked at her as though she were speaking to him from some immeasurable distance. Finally he roused himself, felt his way to the trap-door and went slowly and painfully down the steps. Once below he fell on his bed like a tree that has finally given way to its own weight. In a few minutes a leaden sleep closed his eyes.

The morning passed, and it was afternoon before waking brought back the mourner to his misery. There seemed a mountain weight on his chest; he could not catch his breath, and throwing his arms wildly about him in the effort to breathe, he woke and stared blankly at the sun-flooded room. His mind was slow to act. Was this real, this terrible thing that was gradually unfolding itself? Was it real or was it but a vision of the night? He jumped from his bed and rushed to the foot of the stairs to listen. Yes, there were voices overhead, and footsteps. He sprang up the ladder, pushed open the door and stood gazing, his tumbled hair in wild disorder at the scene before him—at the pine coffin with its white ornaments, the wreaths and flowers on the floor, the women grouped about the body of his friend, listening with tears and moans of pity to the tailor's wife, as she recounted the details of the accident.

Like a swarm of sparrows at sight of an owl, the women fled from the startling apparition. The room was cleared in an instant. Magnus stepped up within, crossed to the door and bolted it. How long had the dear body, so defenceless in death, been subjected to the prying gaze of morbid curiosity

from which the living soul had so shrunk? There should be no more of this sacrilege. He stepped to the coffin, took the cross from the folded hands, substituted in its stead the *wanderstab*, and laid the lantern close to the dead man's side. Perfect peace rested on the little face; peace and the beauty of holiness, not a trace of pain or sorrow; and yet the peace was not that which broods over innocent childhood, rather that which wraps the conqueror about; and the wreath of flowers above the head was as the wreath which rests fittingly on the brow of the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*.

At the stroke of twelve that night, Magnus closed the coffin, screwed fast the lid, made the little Turkish dressing gown and fez into a bundle which he hung upon his arm, and shouldering the casket passed softly down the stairs and out into the night.

The following morning the chief of police was summoned from the half hour's leisure he permitted himself with his newspaper by two urgent calls. The first visitor was the tailor's wife who, greatly agitated, told of the death in her house of a lodger, Mr. Theodore Hinze, of the disappearance during the night of body, coffin and all, and of the presumably simultaneous disappearance of another lodger, a Mr. Christopher Magnus. Her conclusion was that Mr. Magnus had committed the robbery. The woman's prompt discharge of her duty in thus giving immediate notice of the circumstance seemed to afford her no little relief.

On her heels entered a forester with the information that shortly after midnight he was in the fir forest beyond the town, and there saw on one of the by-paths, a frightful spectre of more than common height who carried something on his left shoulder. This he discovered on closer approach to be a child's coffin. He had feared to accost the terrible phantom, but had followed close behind him, and, in the light afforded by an opening in the woods, discovered that it was no ghost but a tremendously tall man whose eyes were

streaming tears and who carried the burden on his shoulder as though it were a casket containing the most precious jewels. At the end of the forest he had not ventured to follow further, but he had plainly seen the giant enter a deserted building by the river and close the door behind him.

Investigation was begun at once. The chief of police conducted the search in person. On reaching the abandoned dwelling the excellent official, whose warm heart had led him to maintain an exceptional attitude toward these exceptional men, knocked gently at the locked door and begged the prisoner to come out. No answer came to the courteous summons, not the faintest sound to show that there was life in the ill-fated place. Then Magnus's old friend, the farmer, offered his advice. There was no doing anything with big Christopher, he said, when he was in one of his ugly moods; at such times he was as hard to get at as a badger in his burrow; but those moods did not last long with him—he was as a rule of a very good disposition—and probably by to-morrow morning he would open the door of his own accord; even though he were provided with food he had no way of getting water and it would be foolish to batter down the door, for thirst would soon drive him out of his hole if nothing else would. The best thing the police could do would be to go home and leave the place guarded so that the poor fellow could not steal off by means of his boat on the river.

The guard was stationed all in vain. No attempt was made to elude the watch; no signs of life disturbed the stillness of the gloomy fastness, though many times a day the self-made prisoner was commanded to come out and give himself up. At the end of the sixth day the police officer determined that his authority should no longer be defied. He ordered the door to be opened and threatened to break it down if his order was not immediately respected. His words might as well have been addressed to the air. A few sturdy blows of an axe, and daylight penetrated the darksome room whose

roof-windows had been fast closed. The sunshine fell full on the gigantic form seated on the ground, his back against the hearth, his mighty head sunk over his breast. On the bench opposite him lay the Turkish dressing gown and the little fez, of the coffin there was nothing to be seen. The peasant pushed his way through the awe-struck men and, touching the officer on the arm, pointed to some freshly upturned earth near the hearth in front of the motionless shape. The officer nodded, stepped up to the quiet form, placed his hand upon the shoulder and called Magnus by name. The movement caused the form to fall forward. The soul had long taken flight but the lifeless body sank heavily down on the little mound it had so lovingly guarded for six days and nights.

[THE END.]

From The Quarterly Review.

TWO AMERICAN WOMEN.¹

The story of the colonization of America and of the War of Independence is one with which English readers are familiar. Yet hackneyed though it is, the books which we have named at the head of this article show that it is still capable of fresh treatment. In each of the volumes devoted to "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," and especially in "Margaret Winthrop" and "Eliza Pinckney," we have pictures of American life, not as it was lived by explorers, statesmen, or soldiers, but as it was lived by women. The back-

¹ 1. Margaret Winthrop (wife of Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts). By Alice Morse Earle. London and New York, 1896.

² 2. Eliza Pinckney (wife of Chief Justice Pinckney). By Harriott Horry-Ravenel. London and New York, 1896.

³ 3. Mercy Otis Warren (sister of James Otis). By Alice Brown. London and New York, 1896.

⁴ 4. Dorothy Payne Madison (wife of James Madison). By Maude Wilder Goodwin. London and New York, 1896.

⁵ 5. Martha Washington (wife of George Washington). By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. New York, 1897.

ground to each portrait is rather social and domestic than political and public. English Puritans of sturdy build and determined character, who left the Old World for the New at the bidding of their consciences, cared little for hardships as compared with freedom and adventure. But for a woman like Margaret Winthrop the change from an agricultural county in England to Massachusetts,—a narrow strip of country hemmed in between the ocean and the forest,—meant far more and cost a greater effort. The biography of Eliza Pinckney, again, presents a picture of woman's life in a typical slave state in the eighteenth century, and shows how a South Carolinian gentlewoman worked and lived among her negroes in the same benevolent, beneficent spirit in which the best of her English contemporaries played the part of Lady Bountiful to their manorial dependents.

The five volumes cover the period from 1631 to 1849, from the date of Margaret Winthrop's landing in Massachusetts to that of the death of Dolly Madison. But the two biographies to which we shall confine our attention are those which best illustrate the distinctive features of the series. They are the most feminine, and the least political in plan and detail. They not only span the period from colonization to independence, but they also bring out in the clearest fashion, by contrast or comparison, the different characteristics of the two great groups of colonies, and thus exemplify the force of that patriotic ardor which could alone have fused such opposite elements into one national whole.

In 1618, John Winthrop, eldest son of Adam Winthrop, of Groton Manor, near Sudbury in Suffolk, was thirty years of age, a widower, a justice of the peace for the county, and a prosperous London lawyer, having chambers in Temple Lane, "near the Cloyster." He was, in the best sense of the word, a typical puritan. The materials out of which his character were built were of the massive kind that produces dignity, stability, and simplicity. He had little of the brilliance of intel-

lect, or the quick-witted activity of mind, which distinguished the generation of men that was now passing away. He shows none of the geniality, the expansiveness, the rich sympathy, the effervescence of the Elizabethan temperament. But he was a man of solid worth, cautious of speech, just in all his dealings, temperate and frugal to austerity in his life. His grave and weighty endowments at once commanded respect and ensured sobriety of judgment. Self-restrained and self-reliant, he had that firmness and fortitude of mind which withstood difficulty and peril, like a rock against a tempestuous sea. Men of this stamp were needed to found a New England. The more brilliant Elizabethans were bold explorers of Eldorados, and daring freebooters on the Spanish main; but they had not the tenacity of purpose which could alone create permanent colonies. Some higher object than greed of lucre, some more sustaining motive than the spirit of adventure, were needed before men could grapple with nature in that death-struggle in which the early colonists were compelled to engage.

Underneath this massive strength of character, there ran, as with most strong men, a deep vein of tenderness. John Winthrop proved himself to be a loving husband and a kind father. Though his love-letters are couched in Scriptural phraseology, he was also an ardent wooer. The following passage carries us back in its language to the days when the Puritan was a "man of one book, and that book the Bible." Yet in thought and feeling, beneath the borrowed phrases, there burns the steady flame of real passion, which, alike in love or war, made the language of the Scripture no figures of speech, but words from the heart:—

And now, my sweet Love, lett me a while solace my selfe in the remembrance of our love, of wch this springe tyme of acquaintance can putt forthe as yet no more but the leaves and blossomes, whilst the fruit lyes wrapped up in the tender budd of hope; a little more patience will disclose this good fruit, & bringe it to some maturitye: let it be or care & labour to pre-

serve these hopefull budds from the beasts of the field, and from frosts & other injuries of the ayre, least or fruit fall off ere it be ripe, or lose ought in the beautye & pleasantnesse of it . . . Or trees are planted in a fruitfull soyle: the ground, & patterne of or love, is no other but that between Christe and his dear spouse, of whom she speaks as she finds him. My Well-beloved is mine & I am his; Love was their banqueting-house, love was their wine, love was their ensigne; (Cant; 2) love was his invitings, love was his fayntings; love was his apples, love was his comforts; love was his embracings, love was his refreshings: love made him see him, love made him seeke him; (Jer; 2. 2. Ezek; 16) love made him wedd her, love made him follow him; love made him his saviour, love makes him his servant (Jo; 3. 16 Deut; 10. 12).

Love bred or fellowshippe, let love continue it, & love shall increase it, until deathe dissolve it. The prime fruit of the spirit is love; (Gal; 5. 22) true the of Spirit & true love; abound wth the spirit & abound wth love; continue in the spirit & continue in love; Christ in his love so fill or hearts wth holy hunger and true appetite, to eate & drinke wth him & of him in this his sweet Love feast wch we are now preparing unto, that when or love feast shall come, Christ Jesus himselfe may come in unto us, & suppe wth us, and we wth him; so shall we be merrye indeed.

The woman, to whom this letter was written in 1618, was Margaret Tindal, then twenty-seven years of age, the daughter of Sir John Tindal, one of the Masters in Chancery, who, two years before, had been shot dead with a "dagge" by a disappointed litigant. In 1618 she married as his third wife John Winthrop. The marriage was discouraged by her relations; but she remained firm, and was rewarded in the complete happiness of their wedded life. She proved a true mother to her four step-children, as well as to her own sons and daughter.

No portrait of Margaret Winthrop exists. But to her husband's eyes, at any rate, she was a woman of great personal attraction. Years after they were married, he speaks of his longing to see again that "sweet face—that lovely countenance I have so much delighted in and beheld with so great content." Her character, on the other hand,

stands out clearly enough in her letters and her actions. We see her in religious matters seeing eye to eye with her husband, intent upon her household duties, careful of his creature comforts, sending him to his London chambers the simple products of her country farm, obedient to his wishes even in matters of dress, and, for his sake, giving up "the ornaments which for Virgins and Knights Daughters, &c., may be comely and tollerable wch yet in soe great a change as thine is may well admitt a change also." Yet though thus submissive to her husband's wishes, Margaret Winthrop was a woman of high mettle and undaunted courage. Her fearlessness in greater matters was all the more admirable, because, in smaller things, she was not above a woman's tremors. Her husband's work compelled him to live in London, while she remained in Suffolk, counting the days for his return at the end of the law terms. The separation was irksome to both, and John Winthrop proposed to take a house on the Surrey side of the river.

I must [writes his wife] alledge one thinge, that I feare in your cominge to and fro, lest if you should be ventrus upon the water, if your passage be by water wch I know not, it may be dangerous for you in the winter time, the wether beinge colde and the waters perilous. And so I shoulde be in continuall feare of you lest you should take any hurt. The Lord [she continues] in mercy upholde us and strenkthen us by his holy spirit. I cannot but with greefe beare yor longe absceance, but I hope that this will be the last time we shall be so long asunder, wch doeth sumwhat stay and comfort me.

Yet this woman, thus submissive to her husband's wishes and timorous for his safety in crossing the Thames, did not shrink from encouraging him, at the bidding of his conscience, to face the perils of the voyage to America, or from herself following him to their home in the New World. Well might Winthrop speak of her in his journal as "a helpe and encouragement to her husband in his duties, wherein soe many wives are so great a hindrance to their's."

To a man like Winthrop the times, in

spite of his domestic happiness, were evil.

This Land [he says] growes weary of her. Inhabitants. . . . All artes & Trades are carried in that deceitfull and unrighteous course, as it is almost impossible for a good & righteous man to maine-
tain his charge and live comfortable in any of them. The fountaines of Learning & Religion are corrupted.

His thoughts began to turn with longing towards the New World. In October, 1629, the offer came to him from the Massachusetts Bay Company to go out as governor. He did not hesitate. His mind was made up at once. In March, 1630, he had taken leave of his wife, and embarked on board the *Arbella*, bound for New England. With him sailed his two youngest sons.

In the autumn of the previous year he had written to his wife, preparing her for their separation. Margaret Winthrop's answer shows the mettle of which she was made.

I knowe not how to expresse my love to thee or my desires of thy wished welfare, but my heart is well knowne to thee, which will make relation of my affections though they be smalle in appearance; my thoughts are more on our great change and alteration of our course heare, which I beseech the Lord to bless us in & my good Husband cheare up thy hart in the expectation of God's goodnesse to us, and let nothing dismay and discourage thee; if the Lord be with us who can be against us; my greife is the feare of staying behind thee, but I must leave all to the good Providence of God.

A few days were spent together, and then husband and wife were parted, he to face the dangers of the voyage, she to endure the harder trial of waiting in suspense.

On board the *Arbella* riding at Cowes, Winthrop, on March 28, 1630, writes a last letter after the parting was over.

And now [he says] my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee even to Him, who loves thee better than any husband

can; who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle: who can and (if it be for his glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living!—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content. . . .

Mondays and Fridays at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thine heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband or children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with God. Farewell, farewell. I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Seventy-six days later Winthrop landed in New England. He found the colony in a deplorable state. The winter had been severe and prolonged. Ill-fed, badly lodged, and scantily clothed, many of the colonists had died. The survivors were "weak and sick," and their provisions were well-nigh exhausted. Winthrop's first care was to send back the *Lyon* for fresh supplies; his next, to house and shelter the new settlers, while yet the summer lasted. Winter was soon upon them. Pierced to the bone by the fierce east winds, and chilled to the marrow by frosts and snow, the colonists died by the score. Hemmed in between the ocean and the gloomy forests, they kept starvation at bay by gathering clams and mussels from the frozen shore, or collecting ground-nuts and acorns. When they were almost at death's door, and the governor had scraped his last handful of meal from his only remaining barrel, a vessel dropped her anchor in the Bay. It was the *Lyon*, laden with provisions from home, and bringing news of the birth of Winthrop's daughter Ann.

Throughout this gloomy period Winthrop's resolution never faltered, though "my much business hath made me too ofte forgett mundayes and frydayes."

Writing to his wife, who was coming out to join him, he says:—

It is enough that we shall have heaven though we should passe through hell to it. We heer enjoye God and Jesus Christ. Is not this enough? What would we have more? I thanke God, I like so well to be heer, as I do not repent my cominge; and if I were to come againe I would not have altered my course, though I had foreseen all these Afflictions. I never fared better in my life, never slept better, never had more content of minde, wch comes meerly of the Lord's good hande, for we have not the like meanes of these comforts heer wch we had in England.

A list of the stores which Margaret Winthrop was to bring with her might be compiled from the different letters written by her husband. From the contents of such a list may be gathered the wants of the infant colony. "Ill diet at sea" had bred a fatal disease among the new settlers, and against this danger he specially warns his wife. For the voyage itself, fresh provisions were to be laid in. She was to provide herself with cooking utensils, not forgetting

a case to boyle a pudding in; a store of linnen for use at sea; some drinkeinge vessells & penter & other vessels; & for phisick you shall need no other but a pound of Doctor Wright's Electuariu lenitivu, & his directions to use it, a gallon of scirvy grasse to drinke a little 5 or 6 mornings together, wth some saltpeter dissolved in it, & a little grated or sliced nutmege.

Among other stores are mentioned "linnen, woollen, beddinge, brasse, penter, leather bottells, drinkeinge hornes, &c." Axes of "severall sorts of the Braintree Smithe, or some other prime workman, whatever they coste," "some Augers great and smale," "candles, sope, and store of belfe suett." To his eldest son, who was expected in the same ship, he sends further instructions as to meal, peas, oatmeal, Suffolk cheese, sugar, fruit, figs, pepper, salt-petre, conserve of red roses, mithridate, pitch, tallow, and wine vinegar. Oiled calf skins,

the strongest welt leather shoes and

stockings for children, and hats of all sizes. If you could bring two or three hundred sheepskins and lambskins, with the wool on, dyed red, it would be a good commodity here; and the coarsest wolen cloth (so it be not flocks) and of sad colours, and some red.

It is worthy of remark, that, with the exception of some "sacke to bestowe among the saylors," no mention is made of spirituous liquors of any kind.

In August, 1831, Margaret Winthrop sailed in the ship *Lyon*. With her went her little daughter Ann, who died at sea. After a voyage which lasted ten weeks, the *Lyon* reached New England on November 2, and Winthrop describes the honors with which the governor's wife was received on landing with her husband. A love of pomp and ceremony is one of those human failings in his character which make it more attractive. "The ship gave them six or seven peeces," as they left the side. On shore, "the captains, with their companions in arms, entertained them with guard, and divers vollies of shot and three drakes," while the people flocked in from the country with stores of provisions—"fat hogs, kild, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, &c., so as the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England."

The welcome was warm and kindly. But from the homely beauties of the rich meadows of Suffolk, then the best farmed county in England, the change to the wild forest lands of the New World must have been startling. Margaret Winthrop was not, however, the woman to shrink from hardship, or lament the loss of comforts which she had deliberately abandoned. Her new home at Boston was a wooden structure, containing six rooms, besides offices and garrets, plain without and within, and barely furnished. It stood till the war of American Independence, when it was destroyed by the British soldiers for firewood. Its whole contents, at Winthrop's death, including the wearing apparel, arms, and armor, were valued at only 103*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* The inventory is not without interest.

On the ground floor were the hall,—

the living room of the house,—the parlor and the study. The hall contained a table and cover, a cupboard, six chairs, a round white box, and a pair of snuff-ers. In the parlor were a standing bed with a down mattress, bolster, pillows, and coverlet, two trundle bedsteads, and two chests. In the study, filled with carpenter's tools, were probably ranged the thirty-nine theological books which Winthrop bequeathed to Harvard College. To a notable housewife, such as Margaret Winthrop had been in her own country, the contents of the kitchen were even more meagre. Here there were "1 table, 2 chairs, and 2 stooles," some old pewter, a pestle and mortar, four "brasse potts," three "posnets" or porringers, a kettle of copper, another of brass, and a third of some metal not described; a skellet, a brass pan, and two pewter candlesticks. Two pair of trammels, an iron bar, and three spits complete the list of utensils. The rooms above, the Hall chamber, the Porch chamber, and the Parlor chamber, were even more scantily furnished. The supply of linen was small. More than a fourth of the whole value of the contents of the house consisted of clothes. Among the latter three pairs of gloves are valued at 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Yet Margaret Winthrop never seems to have regretted the loss of the luxuries of her English home. She had "passed the seas to inhabit and continue in New England," and she made herself happy there. In the midst of a year of distress, when crops had failed owing to cold and wet summer, she wrote to her son in England:—

When I thinke of the troublesome times and manyfolde distractions that are in our native Countrye, I thinke we doe not pryse oure happinesse heare as we have cause, that we should be in peace when so many troubles are in most places of the world.

The duties of a housekeeper, and those which belonged to her husband's office, occupied her mind. The question of domestic service was already one which caused grave anxieties to the mistress of a house. It does not appear that Winthrop had in his family any

"Moores" or negroes; but he received in 1634 a license to "entertain an Indian as a household servant." Margaret Winthrop seems to have been more fortunate in her domestic arrangements than some of her neighbors. Living as she did in a town, she had less difficulty in procuring English servants than those householders who inhabited country districts. Mary Dudley, for instance, who lived "farre from ye Baye," at Cambridge and Ipswich, was led a sad life by her maids.

I thought it convenient [she writes to her mother] to acquaint you and my father what a great affliction I have met withal by my maide servant, and how I am like through God his mercie to be freed from it; at her first coming she carried herself dutifully as became a servant; but since through mine and my husband's forbearance towards her for small faults she hath got such a head, and is growen soe insolent that her carriage towards vs, especially myseife, is vsufferable. If I bid her doe a thing shee will bid me to doe it myseife, and she says how she can give content as well as any servant but shee will not, and sayes if I love not quietnes I was never so fitted in my life for shee would make me have enough of it. If I should write to you of all the reviling speeches and filthie language shee hath vsed towards me I should but grieve you.

Apart from the difficulties and hardships which naturally fell to the lot of early emigrants, the life had many compensations. There was, as yet, little of the joyless gloom which, in the second generation, hung so heavily over New England. Puritans though they were, the people were not morose, witch-haunted fanatics. Society was congenial, for in tastes, interests, and religion, the new settlers were united. Many graduates of Oxford or Cambridge lived in the immediate neighborhood of Margaret Winthrop; many others were old friends and neighbors from the eastern counties; the majority were people of substance and well connected in the Old World. Life, moreover, was stirring and picturesque, and it centred round Margaret Winthrop's home. French Catholics, such as the Sieurs d'Aulnay and La Tour, intrigued against each other in Winthrop's Hall

chamber. Sojourners, like Sir Harry Vane or Hugh Peter, came and went. Daring adventurers, such as Captain Underhill or Captain Cromwell, relieved the sombreness of Puritanism by a dash of the wild and reckless buccaneer.

Training-days on the Common, and still more the annual installation of magistrates at Boston, were scenes which glowed with some of the sunny richness of Elizabethan times. The processions through the street, and across the market-place, to the meeting-house, on these festive occasions, were not without their pomp and ceremony, while in appearance the crowd of on-lookers was far more varied and picturesque than any gathering in the Old World. The train-bands of colonial soldiers, whose burnished armor, pikes, and muskets shimmered in the sun, made a brave show, as they marched to the sound of drum and clarion. Behind them came the group of magistrates, large of build, and square of countenance, wearing that demeanor of natural authority, which in the New World inspired the respect of men who had placed the ocean between them and their kings, princes, and all degrees of artificial nobility. If the dark clothes of English emigrants gave to the crowd a prevailing tint of sombre hue, yet the black cloaks, starched bands, and steeple-crowned hats of the elders, were varied with other and brighter figures. Here, for example, stood apart a group of Indians in all their savage finery, their red and yellow ochre, their feathers, their bows and arrows, their curiously embroidered deerskin robes, surpassing in impassive gravity the most sour-visaged Puritan. There, again, rollicked a party of bearded, sun-blackened seamen, half traders, half buccaneers, puffing clouds of smoke from under their broad brimmed hats of palm-leaf, and drinking from their pocket flasks huge draughts of *aqua vitæ*, though both tobacco and brandy were forbidden to the townsfolk.

Such were some of the aspects which the New World presented to Margaret Winthrop. More important by far was the religious life of New England. At

first the congregations were held in the open air under a tree; then they gathered, it is probable, in Governor Winthrop's house; finally, a mud-walled meeting-house was built. Here were held the week-day lectures; here also, at the Sabbath services, John Wilson as pastor, and John Cotton as teacher, accompanied by much doleful singing, ministered to the spiritual wants of the community. Already those religious differences had sprung up, which afterwards bore such bitter fruit in the colony; Roger Williams was preaching against theocratic government; Anne Hutchinson was busy with her revelations and prophesyings; and Samuel Gorton taught that there was no such places as heaven or hell. Such troubles scarcely disturbed the serene faith of Margaret Winthrop. Yet the close of her life was in other ways full of anxiety. Her husband's estate had suffered by his devotion to the business of the state, and he was reduced to poverty. But he was not destined to leave his wife a widow, and penniless. On June 14th, 1647, when he was entering his eleventh term as governor, Margaret Winthrop died. In his "Journal" Winthrop thus records his loss:—

In this sickness the governour's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age; a woman of singular virtue, modesty and piety, and specially beloved and honoured of the country.

Winthrop only survived his wife two years; but, we regret to add, he lived long enough to marry a fourth time.

The next volume in the series, "Eliza Pinckney," carries us over a whole century and lands us in South Carolina, the most typical of the slave states. The change is one not merely of climate, soil, and products; it is social, political, religious, moral, and industrial. We leave behind the democratic, commercial group of Northern States, self-governing republics in all but the name, with their elective, representative, self-taxing assemblies, their independent congregations, their condensed population, their small plots of land, townships, town meetings, and village poli-

tics. We enter the colonial monarchies of the Southern States, with their ecclesiastical hierarchies, their oligarchical society, their huge landed estates, tilled by slaves, their isolated life, and their feudal administration of local government and justice. It is as a representative of this planter aristocracy that the portrait of Mrs. Pinckney is painted. And a charming picture, we may add, is that which her descendant has drawn and set against a background of the occupations, customs, manners, and habits of thought of women of South Carolina in the eighteenth century.

In 1738 Eliza Lucas, then a girl of fifteen, the daughter of Colonel George Lucas, an officer in the English army, who afterwards became governor of Antigua, settled with her mother and younger sister in South Carolina. English by birth, and educated in England, she threw herself with surprising energy into the life by which she was surrounded in her new home. Her father had barely time to purchase land and settle plantations, before he was recalled to the West Indies. Mrs. Lucas was an invalid, and to the elder daughter fell the charge of all domestic affairs. At an age when most girls are still at school, she had on her shoulders the care of three plantations. Writing in 1740 to a friend in England, she thus describes her life:—

Wee are 17 mile by land, and 6 by water from Charles Town where wee have about 6 agreeable families around us with whom wee live in great harmony. I have a little library well furnished (for my Papa has left mee most of his books) in web I spend part of my time. My Musick and the Garden web I am very fond of take up the rest that is not employed in business of web my father has left me a pretty good share, and indeed 'twas unavoidable as my Mama's bad state of health prevents her going thro' any fatigue.

I have the business of 3 plantations to transact, web requires much writing and more business and fatigue of other sorts than you can imagine, but least you should imagine it too burthensome to a girl at my early time of life, give mee leave to assure you I think myself happy that I can be useful to so good a father.

The management of a plantation was

in itself no light task. Miss Lucas began her day at five o'clock in the morning. Her first visitor was the plantation nurse to ask for advice and medicine; then came the housekeeper and the division of daily work to two hundred men and maids. Letters had to be written to the overseers crowded with minute details of planting operations, sheep-shearing, bacon-curing soap-boiling, wood-cutting, salting of beef, or loading of vessels. Under the eye of the mistress the maids were set to their wool-carding, spinning, weaving, cutting and making of clothes. When once the machine was set in order for the day, it probably ran with smoothness. But Miss Lucas was not content to work by routine. She was full of schemes. Now she tries an experiment of sending eggs packed in salt to the West Indies. At another time she cultivates plots of ginger, cotton, lucerne, or cassada, to see whether such crops were suited for the highlands of South Carolina. Her experiments in indigo proved a source of wealth to the colony. After many disappointments, she succeeded, for the first time, in establishing her crop, and mastering the secret of its preparation. Just before the Revolution, the annual value of the export of indigo was 1,107,660*l.*—no slight boon for a girl to have bestowed upon the province. "When," asks her biographer, with pardonable pride, "will any 'New Woman' do more for her country?"

In the midst of this busy life, Miss Lucas made time to gratify other tastes. Devoted to music, she regularly set aside certain hours in the day to its study, and writes to ask her father's permission to send to England for "Cantatas, Welden's Anthems, Knolly's rules for tuning." She loved reading, and did not disdain novels. Her friend, Colonel Pinckney, kept her supplied with books, though one of her neighbors thought she would "spoil her marriage and make herself look old long before she was so," by her love of literature.

I send herewith [she writes] Coll Pinckney's books, and shall be much obliged to him for Virgil's works, notwithstanding this same old Gentlewoman,

(who I think too has a great friendship for me) has a great spite at my books, and had like to have thrown a vol^m of my *Plutarchs* lives into the fire the other day, she is sadly afraid, she says, I shall read myself mad.

Besides her interest in farming, her passion for music, her taste for literature, she had a genuine love of nature. She devotes a page of foolscap to a description of a nest of mocking-birds. She spent hours in her garden, where she tried to acclimatize new varieties of plants. She delighted in trees, and speaks of them in stilted style indeed, yet with genuine enthusiasm:—

Being a sort of enthusiast in my Veneration for fine trees, I look upon the destroyers of Pyrford Avenue as sacrilegious Enemies to posterity, and upon an old oak with the reverential Esteem of a Druid. It staggered my philosophy to bear with patience the Cutting down one remarkable fine tree, wch was directed by an old man by mistake, and I could not help being very angry with the old fellow tho' he had never offended me before.

Nor was Miss Lucas in the least unfeminine. She is unaffected in her delight when a box comes out from England, containing materials for new clothes, books, and apples. The arrival of such boxes was looked forward to with something more than curiosity when almost all the luxuries, and many of the necessaries, of life came from the mother country. Carriages, bedsteads, furniture, and baskets were made in England. Even the materials for the fashionable fad of jappanning tea-caddies were imported. "Meddicines" also came from home, and Miss Lucas, who suffered from headaches, had to wait six months before Dr. Mead's prescription could be made up. At her own home she was an admirable specimen of the squire's wife. It was part of her daily life to visit the sick on her plantations. Fond of children, she not only taught her little sister, but held a school for a "parcel of little negroes." Eager to be useful to those around her, she studied a law-book in order to make wills for her poor and uneducated neighbors, "who have a little land, a few

slaves and cattle to give their children, that never think of making "a will" till they come upon a sick bed, and find it too expensive to send to town for a lawyer." She knows, she says, that she has

done no harm, for I con'd my lesson very perfect; but the most comfortable remembrance of all is that the Law makes great allowance for Last Wills and Testaments, presuming the Testator could not have Council learned in the Law. But after all, what can I do if a poor Creature lies a-dying, and their family takes it into their head that I can serve them? I can't refuse; butt when they are well, and able to employ a Lawyer, I always shall.

Society in South Carolina had much of the charm and many of the faults that characterize the society of a territorial aristocracy. It brought plenty of gaiety into the active life of Miss Lucas. Balls at Charles Town, when the fleet came in, were great events. Miss Lucas tells her father that she had danced a minuet with his

old acquaintance, Capt. Brodrick. A Mr. Small (a very talkative man) desires his best respects, and says many obliging things of you, for wch I think myself obliged to him, and therefore punished myself to hear a great deal of flashy nonsense from him for an hour together.

Then there was "vizeting" among her country neighbors. For the most part visits were paid by water. Rowed in long canoes by six or eight negroes, who sang in perfect tune as they swung their paddles, she landed at one of the private wharves which were indispensable to a country house. If she drove, she went with her mother in a coach drawn by six horses, the gentlemen perhaps riding by the side on their spirited Chickasaws. The homes of the planter aristocracy were built on the English model, baronial mansions, with large rooms wainscoted in long narrow panels, with high carved mantels and deep window-seats. Hospitality was generous. Lavish dinners, where wine and food were alike plentiful, served with fine silver, damask, and Indian china, were followed by the scraping of fiddles, and a dance in which, either in-

doors or out, in the ballroom, the servants' hall, or on the lawn, the whole household, white and black, took part. Grave minuets, or cheerful country-dances, were danced with gentlemen in powdered hair, square cut coats, long waistcoats, breeches, and buckled shoes, by Miss Lucas and her girl friends, dressed in their best attire of brocade or lute-string, with huge hoops, and towering "heads," and high-heeled shoes.

One other feature in the character of this South Carolinian gentlewoman remains to be noticed. She was unaffectedly religious. In the pleasant fashion of an elder sister she warns her brother against the sneers of Voltaire or the jibes of the Encyclopedists. Her simple piety stands out in her "private devotions," or in her "Resolutions," from which we can only quote the last few words:—

All these resolutions by God's assistance I will keep to my life's end. So help me, O my God! Amen.

Memento. Read over this daily to assist my memory as to every particular contained in this paper.

Miss Lucas was now twenty-three years of age. Her father had already proposed to her two eligible suitors. As to the first, she knew him too slightly. As to the other, he was too old; "the riches of Chili and Peru, if he had them, could not purchase a sufficient Esteem for him to make him my husband." She therefore begged to make her own choice. It was not long in coming. In 1744 she married Colonel Charles Pinckney, a childless widower, twenty years her senior, whose first wife had been her dearest friend. He was a man holding a very distinguished position in the colony, an eminent lawyer, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and a wealthy planter. Their marriage, which proved a very happy one, is thus announced to a girl friend:—

I am sure you will pardon me, my dear Cosen, tho I have not acknowledged the receipt of your letter by Mr. Symons, and thanked you for the barberrys (which were very good), when you consider that I have had so weighty a matter upon my hands as that of matrimony. I see you smile and wonder, that difficult girl (that's

yr phrase) ever married, that filled her own head, and was always preaching up to you the great Importance of a matter of wch the generality of people make so light. Nay, you did not scruple telling me that I should never get a man to answer my plan, and must therefore dye an old maid. But you are mistaken. I am married, and the gentleman I have made choice of comes up to my plan in every title.

As a married woman Mrs. Pinckney continued to live the same active life as before, though her anxieties were increased by the birth of three children, two sons and a daughter. In 1752 her husband accepted the position of Commissioner of the Colony in London. A voyage of twenty-five days from Charles Town brought them to England. It is curious to read that their first step was to hire a house at Richmond for inoculation against the small-pox. This important precaution taken, she desired, as a loyal subject, to see what there was of royalty. A long and interesting account is given of her visit with her husband and children to the widowed Princess of Wales at Kew. Carrying a present with them for their little girl to give, they sent in a card thus inscribed:—

Miss Harriott Pinckney, daughter of Charles Pinckney, Esq^r, one of His Majesty's Council of South Carolina, pays her duty to Her Highness and humbly begs leave to present her with an Indigo bird, a Nonpareil, and a yellow bird, wch she has brought from Carolina for her Highness.

The little girl and her present, the father and mother and their two boys, were received by the princess with the greatest cordiality, saw the whole family, and apparently had an interview which lasted considerably more than two hours. The princess and her daughters asked a number of questions, some of which were of a domestic character, such as whether Mrs. Pinckney suckled her own children. Others related to the colony, its constitution, its foundation, its manufactures; others to the Indians, their color and manners; others to the homes of South Carolinians, their food, their wine, their mode of eating and dressing turtle. Among other observations which Mrs.

Pinckney makes are these two. She notes the heartlessness of Londoners, and comments on the very disagreeable habit of perpetual card-playing.

The Pinckneys remained in England till March, 1758, when troubles on the frontier, arising out of the Seven Years' War, made her husband's return necessary. They left behind them their two boys to be educated in England. Hardly had they landed in South Carolina than Mr. Pinckney was struck down by fever and died. After the first agony of grief was over, his widow devoted herself to the education of her daughter and the care of her estates. She had also to choose a school for her sons. Charter House is mentioned but only to be dismissed. Harrow, she thinks, "can hardly be called a publick school, and as Doctr Thackeray is dead I don't think of that." Finally Westminster is decided upon, and there both boys eventually went, Thomas, the youngest, becoming Captain of the Town Boys.

In 1768 Mrs. Pinckney's daughter married, and she was now a lonely woman. Already the shadows of the coming Revolution were beginning to gather. But South Carolina was firmly bound to the Mother Country, not only by commerce, but by the tie of personal loyalty. Few of the natives of the province even dreamed of cutting themselves adrift from England, however strongly they might sympathize with their brethren at Boston. Up to 1775, few signs of the approaching storm appear in Mrs. Pinckney's letters. With her sons it was otherwise.

In 1769 the eldest, Charles Pinckney, returned to South Carolina, after taking his degree at Oxford and being called to the Bar. Years of absence in England had not weakened the attachment which he and his brother Thomas felt for their native country. A picture had been painted of him, before he left the Old World, which represents him in the attitude of declaiming against the Stamp Act, while his brother was nicknamed by his English companions "The Little Rebel." How deeply the latter felt the threatening aspect of affairs, is proved by the fact that he had studied

the art of war at the Military Academy at Caen, and, as the following extract from a letter to Mr. Ladson shows, had prepared himself in other ways for the outbreak of hostilities.

At this period [writes Thomas Pinckney] American politics occupied much of the public mind in London, and the young Americans attended a meeting of their countrymen convened by Dr. Franklin, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. Ralph Izard, &c., for the purpose of framing petitions to the Legislature and the King, deprecating the Acts of Parliament, then passing, to coerce our Country. But the petitions not having the desired effect, and foreseeing that an appeal must probably be made to arms, we endeavoured to qualify ourselves for the event and hired a sergeant of the Royal Guards to drill us at your Father's lodgings. From him we obtained the knowledge in military service we could derive from a person of his rank.

It is not our purpose to follow the course of the struggle which ended in American independence. In the Northern States matters advanced far more rapidly than in the South, as was only to be expected from the social, religious, industrial, and political differences between the two great groups of colonies. In the one case, separation was probably inevitable; in the other, it might have been at least postponed. The life of Mercy Otis, who in 1754 had married James Warren, illustrates the rapid growth of the desire for independence in Massachusetts, which was the hotbed of revolutionary feeling. Mrs. Warren was from the first in the thick of the fray. As the wife of James Warren, the sister of James Otis, the intimate friend of John and Samuel Adams, the personal enemy of Governor Hutchinson, and a bitter political satirist, she herself played no inconsiderable part in the movement. She was, however, a woman without a spark of humor, whose mind was always on stilts, never stooping to chronicle small beer, rarely addressing even her husband except in academic style and with measured decorum. She begins one of her letters with the statement that she will for once ignore politics, having so much to tell her husband of domestic interests.

She then describes a walk with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Otis.

We moved [she says] from field to field and from orchard to orchard with many reflections on the tumultuous joy of the Great and the gay and restless anxieties of political life. Nothing was wanting to compleat the felicity of this Hour of Rural Enjoyment but the company of Strephon & Collin Whose observations might have improved the understanding while their presence would have gladdened the Hearts of their favourite Nymphs.

From such a woman it would be vain to expect those homely touches, which not only heighten tragedy by the force of contrast, but help us to realize how ordinary women pursued the even tenor of their ways under the gathering blackness of the Revolutionary storm. For these we must return to the letters of Mrs. Pinckney, the main interest of whose life was still centred on the careers of her sons, the health of her daughter, the growth of her grandchild, the engrossing cares of household duties, or the simple pleasures of society. Here we find in abundance those petty details which, by their juxtaposition with graver subjects, bring out into fuller relief the tragic forces at work in America. Interwoven with tender messages, domestic anxieties, or local gossip, runs a crimson web of allusions to political events, which, though at first slender, gradually widens till the whole texture is red with the horrors of war. Between Mercy Warren and Eliza Pinckney there was little in common. Character, tastes, early associations, interests, circumstances, were all unlike. Yet, under the pressure of the national struggle, the two women see eye to eye, and feel, heart with heart, the same patriotic devotion to the cause of American independence.

Mrs. Pinckney, at the beginning of the momentous year 1775, was living at Charles Town. It is not altogether uncharacteristic of the woman, that one of the first hints of the gravity of the situation comes through her difficulty in performing a shopping commission for her daughter in the country. In February, 1775, the decree of the Continental

Congress had come into operation, and no British goods were imported.

Jones sent me word [writes Mrs. Pinckney] that the stores had been searched and he could not get a bit of fine washing Pavillion gauze [mosquito net] anywhere. I afterwards sent old Mary, with directions not to miss a store, and to let them know it was Cash. After two or three days' search she got me some coarse stuff for wch I payed ready money.

At the close of the same letter is an allusion which brings before us the first visible sign of resistance. "I send," she says, "16 Cake knots for my dear Boy, to whom remember me tenderly. Mrs. Prioleau, 'tis thought, will dye of a pleurisy." Mrs. Prioleau did die, and, as mourning goods were all imported, she was followed to the grave by her relatives and friends clad in many-colored garments.

Her next letter describes a picnic, at which Thomas Pinckney contrived some ingenious glasses out of white paper. Then follows another letter, full of a mother's pride in the exceedingly becoming appearance of her son's wig and gown, accompanied by a passing allusion to the solemn day appointed by the Congress of the province for fasting and prayer for guidance.

I am just [she says] come from Church where I heard from Mr. Smith a very good patriotic Xtian like sermon, attended to by the audience with great seriousness; there was a prayer suited to the occasion. The Assembly came in a body, with the Speaker at their head and the mace carried before him.

Men in South Carolina had perhaps made up their minds that war was inevitable. General Moultrie, for instance, in his "Memoirs" describes this service as an "affecting scene." "Every one," he says, "knew the occasion, and all joined in fervent prayer to the Lord to support and defend us in our great struggle in the cause of Liberty and our Country." But Mrs. Pinckney was still hopeful. A few days later in the year 1775, she writes to her daughter to tell of the death of an old friend in England and of the latest political news:—

A packet came in on Sunday night, it rained all day yesterday and I did not know it to inform you by Sam. Poor Lady Charles Montagu is dead, She died at Exeter. I can't tell you much Publick news, but what I have heard is as follows, That ye American affairs wear at home a more hopeful aspect. The King has promised to receive the petition, Jamaica has petitioned, the rest of the Islands are about to do it, as well as the London Merchants, The Trades-people clamour extremely; Mr. Fox is not so violent as he used to be against us. Capt. Turner is also arrived and says there is a prospect of the acts being repealed.

Pray God grant it may prove true!

In April, 1775, the battle of Lexington began the war, and, two months later, Mrs. Pinckney's two sons had gone into camp with the First Regiment of South Carolina troops. Nowhere perhaps in America was the rending asunder of friendships or the division of families more widely felt than in South Carolina. The Loyalists were strong in numbers, and, when the struggle came, it assumed the form of civil war, with Colonel Tarleton and General Marion as the leaders of the two parties. For the first three years after the outbreak of hostilities, life in the province was little affected by the contest. But in 1779 the storm burst upon them in all its fury. Mrs. Pinckney lost nearly everything that she had, and was reduced to poverty. She never complained.

Don't grieve for me my child [she writes to her son] as I assure you I do not for myself. While I have such children dare I think my lot hard? God forbid! I pray the Almighty disposer of events to preserve them and my grandchildren to me, and for all the rest I hope I shall be able to say not only contentedly but cheerfully, God's Sacred will be done!

In 1780 Charles Town capitulated to the British on condition that the citizens, under a general parole, were to be left unmolested in their homes and property. The terms were not kept in the spirit, even if, by a technical interpretation of the language, they were adhered

to in the letter. Domiciliary visits were made in search of "rebels" still in arms; the roads were patrolled by troops who intercepted all who were not furnished with official permits; houses were plundered or burnt; slaves were carried off, not to be freed, but to be sold in the West Indies; no property was safe against the exigencies of public service. So the war dragged on. But in 1782 the people knew that its end was near, and in December of that year the British troops took to their ships, leaving Charles Town to be occupied by the "Ragged Continentals."

Mrs. Pinckney survived by ten years the restoration of peace. Happy in her children, her only sorrow, as she writes in 1786, was the loss of friends.

Outliving those we love is what gives the principal gloom to long protracted life. There was never anything very tremendous to me in the prospect of old age, the loss of friends excepted, but this loss I have keenly felt. This is all the terror that the Spectre with the Scythe and Hourglass ever exhibited to my view, Nor since the arrival of this formidable period have I had anything else to deplore from it. I regret no pleasures that I can't enjoy, and I enjoy some that I could not have had at an early season. I now see my children grown up, and, blessed be God! see them such as I hoped. What is there in youthful enjoyment preferable to this?

Mrs. Pinckney died in May, 1793, happy in the knowledge that her two sons had done good service to the United States. Her letters reveal a charming character, and we are grateful to her biographer for giving us the pleasure of making her acquaintance. It is when we read her biography, which is chiefly based on her own letters, that we most regret, for the sake of our descendants, the decay of letter-writing. Novels in abundance the present generation will leave behind them; but we are inclined to think that, a hundred years hence, English men and women would sacrifice them all for a bundle of the simple letters, never intended for the public eye, which our ancestresses used to write in the leisured eighteenth century.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A NINE DAYS' KING.

The seventh of July, 1647, is a memorable date in the history of Naples. It was on the morning of this day that a vulgar quarrel between some fruit-sellers from rascally Pozzuoli, the *sbirri*, and the people of the town itself, grew into a tumult which, gathering force and fury with success, became a storm that raised a simple fisherman to kingly power and shook the very foundations of Spanish rule in Italy. About this time Mazarin was at war with Spain in Flanders and Burgundy, and a diversion being necessary he determined upon attacking his enemies in their foreign possessions. Accordingly the French took Piombino and, having effected a permanent lodgment there, remained watching their opportunity to strike again. Spain knew well where the blow could be delivered; she knew that her neighbor had not forgotten the days when Naples had heard the sound of French trumpets, had seen the golden lilies wave above her walls, and had bowed before a Charles of Anjou or a Charles of France.

The city was in a troubled state, money being needed to pay Spanish soldiery, and Spanish governors being resolved on obtaining it at any risk. The revenue, which already came in through taxes of various kinds, connivance at gaming-houses and like places did not meet the pressing requirements of the hour; so Arcos, the new viceroy, after careful consideration, hit upon the profoundly original expedient of still further taxing his subjects. As a result, not only wine and flour, but also fruit rose in price.

To lay imposts on a people, even a conquered one, is an undertaking which usually demands some little adroitness, lest the governed should suspect that the delicate distinction between shearing and fleeing had not been sufficiently observed. Indeed the Neapolitans themselves on this occasion began to harbor some such doubts. But as yet they only murmured a little louder than their wont, and endeavored to evade the recent enactments as much

as possible, smuggling home the contraband commodities under various disguises, and when discovered paying heavy fines or going to prison. Pretty, black-eyed Bernadina Aniello, for instance, was detected cheating the mighty Spanish king of his few *grani* on the bag of flour she carried in her arms, swathed round so as to resemble a child in swaddling clothes; and people said that her husband, one Tomaso Aniello, sold nearly all he possessed in the world to pay the forfeit she had incurred that he might have her back with him the sooner to their cottage in the great market-place. But of all the taxes the one upon fruit was the most obnoxious to the people, because it struck everywhere. Other things they might dispense with; meat, for instance, they seldom saw; bread could be made go a long way; but fruit, which grew around in such profusion, little guarded on account of its plenty, peeping over every garden wall, blooming on every terrace, meeting the eye wherever an orange grove could rise or a vine-shoot find hold for its tendrils,—it was hard to pay a tax on that. No wonder then that discontent was rife, and that one calm night the Custom House was sent flying into the air, no one knowing how the powder had been introduced or by whose hand the train had been fired. The warning was, however, despised; another Custom-House was built; no remission was made in the hateful taxes, no lenity shown in the manner of levying them; and immediate danger not being apprehended, the portly Arcos slept secure behind the pikes of his German guard and the matchlocks of his Spanish foot.

The feast of Our Lady of Carmel occurs in the middle of July. The period was one when spectacular exhibitions had a strong attraction for the popular eye, and when a holiday would be thought to pass heavily enough without excitement of some kind. On this particular festival the Neapolitans used to be regaled with a sham fight fought out in their market-place; the assault and capture of a great wooden fortress defended by one troop of boys and at-

tacked by another, styled Alarbes, who were trained many days previously by merry-tongued Masaniello, as the husband of Bernadina was familiarly called. As usual, he and his band were engaged practising in the market-place for the great event on the morning of this bright July day, 1647. A slight disturbance had arisen there, the dangerous folk from Pozzuoli being the originators. These people were utterly unlike the merry nimble *lazzaroni* who spend their days basking in the sunlight and their nights beneath the shelter of some friendly portico, happy because they exist, neither knowing why nor caring wherefore. The men of Pozzuoli dwelt away from the city, and from the time of Toledo, the first Spanish viceroy, bore an evil name. Between them and the authorities it was natural little love should exist, and that little was fast disappearing now during the argument of a very vexed question which Pozzuoli had raised: who was to pay the fruit-tax, the lying Neapolitan hucksters whose profits were enormous, or they themselves, the honest tillers of the soil? Bitterly and hotly the townsfolk retorted that the payment should not fall on them, who never made profit on anything in these bad times, who were already half ruined, and so on, with the true professional whine. Then a clamor rose, fed by sullen reiteration on one side and shrill declamation on the other. The study of political economy was being pursued with a vengeance. A few men of property, who happened to be early abroad, seeing the danger of such a dispute, sought out Andrea Naclerio, deputy of the people. They found him about to sail for Posillippo, because it was Sunday, and the beautiful gardens in the vicinity drew from the city on such occasions every one who could afford a boat for the bay or a mule for a trot along the splendid Chiaja.

Naclerio returned instantly, disembarking at the Tanners' Gate; but when he reached the market-place the disturbance was becoming wilder, the Pozzuoli men heaping savage abuse on the tradespeople and the police, while

the tax-collectors yelled for immediate payment. He strove to quiet the half-roused passions of the multitude by offering at last to pay the contested tax out of his own pocket, but either unheeding, or not hearing him, the collectors and *sbirri*, in all the ruffled dignity of office, took a fatal step; bringing out the great scales, they began to weigh the fruit by force. This maddened the people of Pozzuoli, who, dashing down their merchandise cried, "Take what ye can get; we come here no more!" Melons, figs, oranges, all rolled down upon the pavement, a welcome windfall to the hungry Alarbes, who, desisting from their task of rehearsing, scrambled between the legs of the crowd for the luscious booty. Thereupon the disappointed tax-gatherers attacked them, while the people took their part, using the fruit as weapons, and being reinforced by a large contingent from the Lavinaro, a dirty and populous quarter of the town. On this new arrival the crowd merged into a mob; Naclerio was dragged away by some friends; while amid tumultuous rejoicing, the papers, account-books, and furniture belonging to the Custom House were burned. News of the commotion had by this time reached the palace, and Arcos despatched two noblemen for the purpose of enquiring into it. The method adopted by those gentlemen was simplicity itself; riding quietly into the market-place they promised the abolition of all taxes. The people listened, silent with wonder; and the noble envoys would have probably succeeded in their pacific efforts if Masaniello, who had hitherto been playing the part of mediator, had not now come forward, and, elbowing his way into the centre of the wavering crowd, began to harangue it.

Since his wife's imprisonment there had come a change in the fisherman's demeanor. He had grown reserved, even at times irritable, and was known to be at deadly feud with the servants of the madcap Duke of Maddaloni, because, as tradition avers, having quarrelled with them over the sale of some fish, they had beaten him. People also

whispered that he counted among his acquaintances Giulio Genuino, a turbulent man who had experienced the extremes of fortune. Once high in honor with the great Ossuna, Arcos's predecessor, he had lived to wear a captive's chain at Oran, and now, returned to Naples, alike unbroken by toils and unchastened by sorrow, was hiding fresh plots beneath the cowl of an ecclesiastic.

Masaniello, on concluding his speech, advised the rioters to seek the palace itself and there learn the truth of those concessions. Acclamations greeted the proposal; the cavaliers were separated, a crowd following each, surging around the saddle-skirts, grasping at the reins with eager, filthy hands, peering upward into the riders' faces with wolfish eyes that as yet expressed more than the tongue had framed to speech, and deafening them by their horrid din. The rascality of Naples was making holiday. No wonder Don Tiberio Carafa, one of the ambassadors, promised anything, everything, while round him pressed that frenzied sea of humanity, rolling on in resistless course towards San Lorenzo, the residence of the superior magistrate, screaming for the privileges of Charles the Fifth, not knowing or caring what they were, but echoing the shout of Genuino, who, now in his element and secure behind his disguise, prompted every cry which went up from the masses. What wonder that Carafa died, raving mad in a monk's cell at Castelnuovo, after the horrors of that hour?

Meanwhile, the other nobleman was being impelled by his motley escort in the direction of the palace, Masaniello running before, waving a tattered banner, and cheering for the king of Spain. Arcos had taken no precautions; even the guard in the courtyard had not been increased. It being probable that he did not wish to further exasperate the people by an untimely display of force, or that he despised the demonstration. Possibly, too, the gentlemen who were lounging on one of the balconies only smiled at first, seeing the figure Ettore, Prince of Satriano, presented as he approached, carefully guid-

ing his restive steed lest he should come down under the rushing feet of his ill-smelling attendants. However, they soon perceived that the affair threatened to become serious, for every moment the advancing multitude increased and with each addition came fiercer tumult. Don Carlo Caracciolo, one of these *signori*, left the balcony and descending to the palace gates, kept the foremost ranks at bay while he learned particulars from Satriano and sent a report to the viceroy. After some further parley it was understood that Arcos was really in favor of abolishing the taxes on both wine and fruit. Then came a demand for the remission of the tax on flour, Masaniello's voice in all probability rising loudest. Caracciolo objected; he had a growing sense that the more the deputation obtained the more exacting it would become; but the time for expostulation was past.

The crowd, now closely packed, yielded to its momentum, moved slowly up against the gate-keepers, choked the entrance for a moment, and the next pushed through and flooded the enclosure. Caracciolo fell back with those around him, and, as he re-entered the palace, sent word to the viceroy that he would find safer quarters in the neighboring fortress of Castelnuovo. The people followed with laughter and jeers, tramping up the broad white stairs at whose head they encountered the first obstacle that had as yet been opposed to them, the German body-guard, who, crossing their halberds, held the door of the first saloon, while those within secured it, a similar precaution being taken with the other doors of the suite. Meanwhile, Arcos himself spoke from one of the balconies, telling the rioters beneath that their claims would be considered, their grievances redressed, and the taxes lessened. Those whom he thus attempted to soothe did not understand him; they were in a whirl of excitement, and soon, through sheer instinct, began to throw stones. The mob inside had now overpowered the guard, broken their pikes, and were thundering at the door of the first saloon. It was high time to

think of retreat; the courtiers fled on every side, and Naclerio, who had also come to the palace, hid himself in the apartments of the vice-queen. With a crash, drowned by a yell of triumph, the shivered door fell in. Arcos repented too late of not having followed Caracciolo's advice, for now he realized that lavish speech and brittle promises were vain. The confused trampling of coming feet, the frequent fall of shattered glass or splintered woodwork borne to his ears between frantic shrieks, told him, more plainly than even the white-lipped fear of his flying attendants, that the cup had overflowed at last, and that Naples was in rebellion.

There was not a moment to lose. Ordering the doors to be locked behind him, Arcos hastened by a small spiral stairway into the square. The palace was abandoned, but to what a fate! Its floors shook beneath the tread, its walls re-echoed the oaths of the victorious mob. The people were pleased enough with their success to be wanton; they were sufficiently angered by the resistance they had encountered to wreak vengeance upon everything within reach. It was a veritable joy to smirch the faces of those beautiful women on the walls; to dig the pike-head into the canvas where their loveliness lived; to shatter with one brave blow the marble on balustrade or balcony; to hack and hew everything which had ministered to the comfort of their oppressors; and then to fling all this ruin down upon the stones below, where already lay the parasol that had shaded the governor of the great Colateral Council with the torn papers of its secretary.

Arcos had barely left the palace when he discovered that the drawbridge of Castelnuovo had, through some mistaken order, been raised. Return was impossible, for the rioters, having found out his mode of escape, were searching the neighborhood; his only chance of safety now lay in seeking shelter at a convent belonging to the Minimi a little distance off. To reach it, however, he had to cross the square, and while

doing so, a group of his pursuers recognized and seized him. A knight of St. Jago passing by tore him from their clutches, and put him into his own carriage but the traces were cut, the coachman dragged from his seat, and Arcos recaptured. Again he was rescued, this time by a chance party of noblemen, who beat off his assailants and placing him in their midst, half dead with fright, forced a passage through the mob. Guessing their destination, the rabble rushed to the convent gates, but the nobles were upon them before they could effectually block the approach. The heavy bolts were drawn back; one instant of tempestuous fury met by desperate courage, and the viceroy was saved. Caracciolo thrust him forward, and amid a hail of stones he reeled in among the trembling monks, while his baffled pursuers, now strongly reinforced, flung themselves upon the gate, shrieking for his blood, and making the stout bars quiver despite the beams with which those inside hastily secured them.

It was a terrible moment, but help was now at hand. Above all this infernal tumult rose a voice which all Naples revered, and, through the seething masses slowly came a man whom the most furious there dared not shoulder aside, Ascanio Filomarino, the cardinal archbishop. He had been about to leave the city, but hearing of the disturbances had insisted on returning, although warned not to do so; and his appearance in the square at this critical moment probably averted a terrible scene of bloodshed. Through Filomarino the viceroy communicated again with his loving subjects and once more glibly promised the abolition of all taxes. The archbishop immediately sent messengers to distant parts of the town for the purpose of proclaiming the good news; at his suggestion the Custom Houses and the tax-booths were pulled down; while he himself, as he relates, on his way back to the Gate of the Holy Ghost, published everywhere the governor's concessions. It was a time when all things were possible; and incredible as it may seem,

the riot might have been appeased by those simple means more suited to the domain of *opera bouffe* than the sphere of practical politics, if there were not other forces to be reckoned with beside the fickle, aimless multitude surging hither and thither in the great square. Would plotting Genuino forego his dreams of revenge because a kind-hearted priest came between a mob and its victim? Would Aniello, the obscure fisherman, who had just tasted the sweetness of power and seen men obey him, forget the insult to his wife or the blows of Carafa's servants? Hatred is not so easily appeased; gratified vanity and awakened ambition are not so lightly renounced. Accordingly, the good archbishop had scarcely disappeared when rioting began afresh. Disappointed cupidity was at work; the people felt cheated, surprised into forbearance against their wills, and were eager to indemnify themselves for their late indulgence to the puffy little man whom they had by the throat a few minutes before.

Neither the Prince of Montesarchio nor Don Prospero Tuttavilla could obtain a hearing from the populace. And the people's voices too were soon drowned by the rattle of musketry and the cries of wounded men; a Spanish guard, which belonged to the palace, having been attacked by the people the soldiers were firing with deadly effect.

Meanwhile Arcos was puffing laboriously up the steep acclivity leading to St. Elmo, where he knew he could find safety at last; and the various garrisons of the city, realizing that their number were too small for effective action, were retiring to a park which adjoined the palace and Castelnuovo, whose stout walls already sheltered the vice-queen, the ladies of her suite, and many wealthy families.

The insurrection had now spread throughout all Naples. The dwellings of those who had grown rich by farming the taxes were marked out for destruction, the terrified owners flying, without a thought of resistance, to the beach, where they offered the boatmen gold to take them off to Posillipo, any-

where away from the rage of those upon whose misery they had battered so long.

Thus approached the close of this eventful day; on one side unreasoning terror, on the other intoxicating success. But worse was to come. With the deepening shadows of evening the most abandoned criminals in Naples crept forth from their hiding-places; creatures around whose gaunt limbs hung in tatters the rags which still marked their sex and who shrunk as yet from even the fitful glare of the passing torches, forth they came half dazed to their Saturnalia, a hideous troop, the embodied sins and shames of a great city. Later in the night these, with many more, rushed to the prisons, broke open several, and yelled in the startled ears of murder, lust and rapine the welcome news that they might come forth and work their will by the light of burning roof-trees. High above all this horror the church-bells tolled piteously, while the sacred edifices themselves were lit up. The Theatines and Jesuits, leaving their convents, moved in processional order through the streets, chanting aloud but in vain. The lustiest voice that ever woke the "Miserere" or intoned the "Dies Iræ" had no power to quell the delirium of unbridled hordes with years of neglect and tyranny to avenge. By degrees, however, the chaos resolved itself into at least the appearance of organized action. Following the advice of Genuino, an attack was made upon the swordcutlers' shops throughout the city, the people thus obtaining weapons, powder, and five pieces of cannon, all their operations being directed by Masaniello.

Soon again the grey light of morning fell upon the troubled town, upon the dark squadrons drawn up in the park, and upon the blanched cheeks of the watchers behind the embrasures of Castelnuovo. The roll of the rataplan mingled with the matin-bell, for the citizens were being now arrayed in military order, not having forgotten their training under former rulers.

Strangers now began to pour into the

town from various quarters. Young farm-servants with downy cheeks and wondering eyes jostling the swarthy banditti of the mountains; they had all come on the same errand and were all armed in some fashion.

Arcos, who had meanwhile gone from St. Elmo to Castelnuovo, not yet abandoning the hope that something might be done by diplomacy, had again opened negotiations with the rebels. He selected the Prince of Montesarchio for his envoy, caring little whether that nobleman lost his life in the attempt, for the viceroy, despite the loyal services they had just rendered him, longed as eagerly as any rioter around Masaniello to see the power of the native nobility weakened and their prestige lowered,—a desire which was gratified during the progress of the insurrection and the war following.

The mission of Montesarchio was fruitless; even the oath he took in the church of the Carmelites had no effect. Still the viceroy persevered, feeling sure he would gain his point if only a popular nobleman could be found to act as envoy. This, however, was no easy thing, for the Neapolitan gentry like the Caraccioli, the Mintoli, the Pignatelli and the rest, had no claim either to the confidence or respect of their fellow-citizens, being simply on a small scale what their mediæval prototypes had been throughout Italy, the systematic oppressors of the weak and the defenceless. At length a churchman suggested the name of Diomed Carafa, Duke of Maddaloni, and after much deliberation, falling a more presentable personage, Arcos determined to employ him.

The chances in favor of the new envoy, whose past career had not revealed any special aptitude for diplomatic service, were eagerly discussed. It was remembered now, for the first time probably, as something to his credit, that he had not sinned very deeply against the people; while on the other hand his reckless prodigality, his frequent duels, the headlong impetuosity of his character, and the splendid accessories of the vivid, many-sided

life he led, charmed the popular imagination, investing with a halo of romance a personality which would have been striking enough without even the added glamour of rank and fortune. Moreover, though related to the former viceroy, Medina, he had often openly broken the Spanish laws, troops being sent against him sometimes and quartered on his vast estates, which proved a mine of wealth to the government, seeing that within a few years he had been fined one hundred thousand ducats. Even at the very time when his help was sought by Arcos, he was occupying a prisoner's cell in Castelnuovo on account of some unusually violent deed. Such was the Duke Diomed, leader of many a revel and hero of many a brawl, who now entered the market-place of Naples in the novel character of peace-maker, a part he had been induced to assume on condition that he and his brother, Giuseppe, who shared his captivity, should be pardoned.

Naples was at this moment virtually ruled by three men, Masaniello, Genuino, and one Domenico Perrone, formerly captain of *sbirri*, now bandit, and yet destined to play a sinister part in the bloody drama. Of these the fisherman was undoubtedly the most single-minded, and in another age it is probable that the circumstances which raised him to power would have developed only his nobler qualities; as it is, the measures he concerted during the first days of the revolt show him to have been possessed of rare administrative abilities; nor was it till the close of his career, when terror had transformed his nature, that he proved himself the insensate tyrant of the people for whom he had done and suffered so much.

Maddaloni's embassy failed like the others. The citizens would have "no deceitful promises," but vociferously demanded the privileges of Charles the Fifth, which gave them, through their deputies, a right of veto on all matters concerning the town.

After a short parley, Carafa hastily retired, leaving the rebels to renew

their work of destruction, which was now being systematically carried out. With the aid of his colleagues Masaniello drew up a list of houses belonging to those who had recently become rich, and when night again came its darkness was dispelled by the blaze from many a villa. Confusion reigned in the town. Again the churches were illuminated; again the religious orders passed through the streets, endeavoring to stem the flood of license; and once more their efforts were vain, for nothing could quench the fury that, having smouldered so long in crushed and brutalized hearts, leaped up at last, restless and consuming, finding its expression in the terrible cry of the crowds as they watched the burning roofs: "That is our blood! May those so perish in hell who have sucked it out of us!"

The morning brought fresh troops of adventurers, flushed by sack and pillage, from the country outside, and with them came Maddaloni bearing a fresh olive-branch. This time it took the shape of a paper granting the pardon of past offences and guaranteeing abolition of all taxes levied since the days of Charles the Fifth. The experiment proved disastrous. The people perceiving the evasion, interrupted the envoy while reading; they sought no pardon; they demanded the privileges; they would be content with nothing else; this was mere mockery! Fired by the howls of the crowd and inspired by the memory of his wrong, Masaniello suddenly sprang upon Maddaloni, and tore him by his long ringlets from his horse, while the mob screamed with delight, for it was a glorious thing to see this redoubtable seigneur down in the dust at a fisherman's feet. Duke Diomed's escort returned without him.

The people now resumed their pillage, until they were recalled to hear what Giuseppe Carafa, the next messenger from Arcos, should lay before them. They heard him, Masaniello presiding, but would make no terms, and sending him back, hurried off to new plunder. Over forty palaces were consumed that day.

Sorely against his will the viceroy was at length obliged to employ Cardinal Filomarino, who was little likely, he knew, to become a party to any subterfuge. Indeed it is a significant fact that between the clergy of Naples and its temporal rulers there was scant cordiality.

Armed with the charter of Charles the Fifth, which contained the much-vaunted privileges, Filomarino repaired next day to the market-place. He was courteously received, but when he began to read and explain those privileges so pertinaciously demanded, he found that his audience was either impatient or indifferent; and even while he spoke orders were given by Masaniello himself in direct opposition to the pacific measures he was advocating. The rioters were in no mood for conciliation; they were flushed with recent success, too, having taken prisoners a few divisions of Spanish soldiery whom Arcos had called to his aid. Moreover, they were well armed now and provided against surprise, the principal streets being commanded by cannon, while from the lofty steeple of San Lorenzo their flag floated side by side with that of the king of Spain. Naturally, their mental attitude had undergone considerable modifications.

The night of this day closed in like the preceding ones, amid triumph and destruction, the fisherman becoming infuriated by the news that Diomed Carafa, who had been detained prisoner under the guardianship of Perone, had succeeded in escaping. This he did through the good offices of the bravo, having been acquainted with honest Domenico in his several characters of police officer and outlaw. Anger was not the only passion excited in Masaniello's breast when the parties of men sent out by him to retain the duke returned empty-handed, for he knew this roisterer would never forget or forgive the insult he had received.

Filomarino, who had meanwhile returned to the convent of the Carmelites, did not relax his efforts, and at length, after earnest entreaties and wearying negotiations, a compromise

was effected, practically on the lines laid down by Masaniello.

All this labor was rendered vain by the impetuosity of Maddaloni, who, thirsting for revenge, did what any other gentleman of his time would have done; he commissioned Perrone to take the fisherman's life. The attempt was to be made in the Carmelites' convent itself while the banditti were to create a disturbance outside by attacking the people. By a strange coincidence, the moment selected for striking the fatal blow was when Masaniello should stoop to sign the agreement entered into between the fortress and the town. The plot however miscarried; Perrone lost his life miserably; and after a furious struggle both within and without the convent, the banditti were routed with terrible carnage. As if to intensify the general horror, a cry was raised that the wells of Poggio Reale had been poisoned; but the growing panic which this statement caused was promptly checked by Filomarino's drinking, in the presence of the people, a little of the suspected water. A new turn was here given to the popular indignation by the discovery on Perrone's person of a letter implicating not only Diomed Carafa but his brother Giuseppe. A fruitless search, made immediately through the city, was on the point of being abandoned, when Masaniello himself learned from a dying bandit that Giuseppe was just then awaiting the issue of the attempted assassination at the convent of Santa Maria la Nuova. Thither four hundred armed and infuriated men instantly directed their steps. Warned of his danger, the nobleman fled, disguised as a friar, having hurriedly penned a note to Arcos for help; but the missive being intercepted, only served to guide the mob upon his track the more readily, knowing as they did every winding of the dark narrow lanes in the vicinity of the convent. Finding himself closely pursued, he staggered, breathless and fainting, up-stairs into the room of a common woman, promising her treasures untold if she would hide him for

a while. Possibly he remembered having heard in some forgotten time how a great Earl of Flanders thus escaped his enemies by appealing to a woman's pity; but the creature whose cupidity or compassion he endeavored to excite did not resemble the good housewife of Bruges. Leaning from her window, she beckoned to the pursuers beneath to come up. Carafa met them desperately, offering two thousand pistoles for his life. Scorning the bribe they dragged him away, and severing his head from his body, presented the hideous trophy to Masaniello, who, hurling filthy insults at it, beat the pallid features with a stick! This is bad enough; but it was surpassed by the demoniac fury exhibited towards the corpse by a man whom Carafa had once made kiss his feet. We shudder while we read, but who can fathom the depths of hopeless suffering, of impotent rage, that had long since overwhelmed the souls of those frantic wretches who now vented their spite upon the headless carcass in whose shadow they had so often crouched? The downward career of the fisherman had begun. For him there was no more peace, no more security; he had offered insults to the living and the dead Carafa that could never be condoned. The attack made upon him in the convent of the Carmelites was already bearing bitter fruit. Fear makes the worst of tyrants; and as it was with Commodus, so also was it with Masaniello.

Great precautions were taken to guard against a new surprise. During the night every householder was obliged to keep a lamp burning before his door, and no person, except priests bearing the last rites of their Church to the dying, were allowed to appear in the streets during the two hours after midnight; even the ecclesiastics were forced to lay aside their long gowns, lest such a dress should afford disguise for a bandit. But there was another danger yet more difficult to avert, which harassed thenceforward the fisherman's waking hours, for he knew that his enemies were familiar with a deadlier weapon than the assas-

sin's dagger. Accordingly, through fear of being poisoned, he almost starved himself, eating only just sufficient to sustain the life he clung to so passionately.

Of little comfort to Masaniello was the brocaded dress in which Domenico Gargullo portrayed him, guiding his white steed at the head of an applauding multitude; the same costume possibly that he wore in the presence of the Spanish governor, when on the fifth day of the insurrection Filomarino's heroic efforts were crowned by success, and it was graciously notified to the faithful people of Naples that not only would their own privileges be confirmed, but new ones added, together with remission of all punishment due for the crimes committed during the late outburst. The place of meeting between Masaniello and Arcos was in the palace which had been reoccupied after the first burst of popular fury had passed away. It was in the saloon of Alva, amid the sheen of burnished arms and the rustle of silken draperies, that they came face to face. Nothing had been left undone to impress the fisherman with the majesty of Spain, and everywhere upon the walls his eye encountered some fresh apotheosis of Spanish enterprise or of Spanish valor. Masaniello knelt; Arcos assisted him to rise, spoke kindly, and threw over his shoulders a gold chain, but all the while the formidable military display outside the palace, and the skilful arrangements within, were producing their designed effect. If it be true that Demosthenes faltered before Phillip, what can be expected from a simple fisherman who thus recognized for the first time the magnitude of all he had done and dared? A meaner mind might have borrowed courage from its very hate, a greater from the consciousness of its own worth; but this man was only a toiler of the sea, suddenly elevated to a pinnacle of fortune which his wildest dreams could not have scaled. His spirit was not sufficiently phlegmatic nor sufficiently self-contained to review the past or support the present with equanimity; and thus it

happened that, while the shouts of the populace outside echoed in his ears, Masaniello, captain-general of the most faithful people, fell fainting at the feet of Arcos.

The interview was followed a few days later by an imposing ceremony, during which the concessions granted were fully explained, the whole concluding with a *Te Deum* intoned most fittingly by Filomarino. As Masaniello returned on foot through the companies of the people, who were to remain under arms for the next three months until the royal assent should be formally given from Madrid, he was everywhere saluted by lowered standards, while the bells rang out the joyous news that peace had returned to Naples.

But what of her liberator, her champion? For him peace would nevermore stoop to enter the humble little cottage in the market-place. The Man of the People had had his hour, and the end was fast approaching. His abnormal mode of life was rapidly undermining both strength and intellect; to his excited imagination a dagger lurked under every cloak, a poisoned draught in every cup. We see the poor terrified soul, harassed by mortal dread, urged onward down its darkening path towards the only exit possible from a world where to live in fear is to live in hell. We read how the sumptuous furniture, the rich hangings of gold brocade, the costly pictures, the jewelled vases, the magnificent plate belonging to Maddaloni, were dragged from their hiding-place in the convent of Santa Maria della Stella, and piled up, a glittering heap, in the market-place, while troops of armed men scoured the adjacent country in search of the owner; for the living Carafa was the spectre which haunted Masaniello amidst the courtesans, the flatterers, and the feasters whom his new wealth gathered readily round him. Unable to reach this terrible foe, he vented his rage on all that had been his, the villa at Posilippo, the mansion at Santa Maria della Stella, even the servants and the poor trembling musicians,—nothing escaped.

But as the reputation of a great man strikes his traducers from the tomb, so the silent, tireless hate of Maddaloni struck Masaniello from afar. The interception of a letter in cypher from the duke, the more sinister because unintelligible, goaded the fisherman to fresh acts of madness. Now he will dine in his enemy's desolate palace, now, changing his mind, in a neighboring convent, the heads of Carafa and his father, hacked out of their portraits, looking down suavely on the repast from the pikes which transfix them. Anon, clad in a richly laced suit belonging to the duke, a diamond buckle gleaming in his hat-band, he gallops, a pistol in each hand, to the viceroy's gondola, whence he bathes and is dried with fine Dutch linen; or, seated on the little stage he had caused to be erected before his house, he gravely receives the petitions presented him by his trembling clients, while the people in the neighborhood are busy removing their effects in anticipation of the clearance to be made for the grand palace their champion intends to build.

It is at once a grotesque and a terrible picture; and as it rises before us we recognize the inevitableness of the catastrophe it foreshadows. Yet the death he feared so much he recklessly inflicted on others. To be condemned by Masaniello it was only necessary to be accused by one of the mob; until even his immediate followers began to dread their leader's outbursts, no one knowing when his own turn might come and his head go to swell the number of grinning skulls which stood in a ghastly row above the market-place. Other grave reasons there were also, for dissatisfaction with the existing order of things. Those who sold food felt that they could not make an honest profit on their merchandise so long as the administration of their liberator continued. It was true that he had freed them from their taxes; but what gain was that if he forced them to sell their oil and corn at a fixed, and of course at an absurdly low price? The captain-general of the most faithful

people had clearly but a dim idea of political economy.

Meanwhile, his mortal enemies were not idle, and assassins were again hired to rid the viceroy of the king's most faithful servant, with the connivance of Genuino, the treacherous sedition-monger, who was yet to end his dishonored days a fugitive from the scorn of his countrymen. The day of the Feast of Mount Carmel was fixed for the murder. On that fatal morning the fisherman entered the church called *Del Carmine*, where *Filomarino* had just celebrated mass. With hasty and uncertain steps he ascended the pulpit, whence he addressed the dispersing congregation in a rambling speech. He complained of the inconstancy of the people, enumerated his services, foretold what would befall them if they deserted him, spoke of his sins, and advised others to confess theirs before the holy Virgin. He was interrupted, however, by an old woman, the traditional mouthpiece of popular common sense, who told him that the Mother of God would not listen to such nonsense; and finally some monks dragged him away to a cell, where he soon fell into a profound slumber, the first probably for many hours. From this sleep he was rudely aroused. The conspirators, having witnessed the scene in the church, determined now to strike the blow, now, when there were no guards in their way, and the crowd had recoiled in vulgar horror from the "madman;" but the good monks, guessing their intention, endeavored to conceal the locality of Masaniello's room. The sleeper was aroused by the clamor. Mistaking the voices for those of his own friends, he rushed out into the passage at the same moment as the assassins pressed into it. They fired as he advanced, and he fell instantly riddled with balls. One of them then hacked the head from the body, and all hastened off, bearing the bloody thing aloft and cheering for the king of Spain. Some boys, possibly a contingent of those very *Alarbes* he had been training little more than a week ago, took up the corpse between

them and buried it outside the city walls.

At first, the populace received the news of their hero's fall with sullen apathy, and it was not until the next day (when bread suddenly rose in price) that they woke to the full extent of their loss. Then, in a burst of grief, they exhumed the body, replaced the head, and laid their darling, richly attired, upon a satin-draped bier. Popularity has been well defined as "the breath of a mob," which "smells of its source and is gone ere the sun can set upon it." But the people will always sorrow over a broken idol, even though they may have acquiesced in its destruction. Let their hero be a Clodius or a Cæsar, once dead they remember only his bounty or his triumphs. Thus it was with Masaniello. Four thousand ecclesiastics, by order of Filomarino, led a train of forty thousand mourners; a grand and impressive sight as it slowly passed from the church of the Carmine through the city amid murmured prayers and chanted litanies, whose responses mingled with the solemn tolling of bells and the clash of presented arms.

Night had fallen ere the long procession returned to the church, and there, at the threshold of the sacred edifice, they laid him to rest, that charitable hearts, passing to and fro across the grave, might perchance put up a petition for his soul to our Lady of Carmel. In after years, when he had become a memory, it was proudly remembered how Naples had never so honored a ruler before, and that from haughty Toledo to splendid Ossuna, no prince or viceroy of them all could boast so impressive a funeral-train as Masaniello, the fisherman of Amalfi.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
THE TRUE STORY OF EUGENE ARAM.

The poet, the novelist, and the dramatist have vied with one another in lending the charm of romance to the history of Eugene Aram; love and remorse have

spread their becoming cloaks over his misdeeds; the commonplace of fiction has adorned the commonplace of fact. But it not infrequently happens that in disengaging fact from fable, the plain truth from the attractive lie, real circumstances come to light as interesting and extraordinary as any that can be invented by the imagination of the story-teller. To record as distinct and yet present in the one man the attributes of the thoughtful and gifted scholar and those of the sordid and deliberate murderer must surely yield a more profitable and singular result than the endeavor to blend the two into a sympathetic whole by melting together in the crucible of lachrymose heroism those discrepancies which lie at the very root of character, and everlastingly mock the efforts of the methodical biographer to force consistency upon the inconsistent.

Eugene Aram was born at Netherdale in Yorkshire in the year 1704. His father was a gardener, but a gardener of more than ordinary skill; he possessed a remarkable knowledge of botany, and was an excellent draughtsman. He had originally been in the service of Dr. Compton, the Bishop of London famous for his resistance to James the Second, and, on leaving the bishop, had gone into the service of Sir Edward Blackett at Newby in Yorkshire. Yorkshire was the native county of the Arams, who had not always been gardeners. Their name they derived from the village of Aram, or Haram, on the south bank of the Tees. In the reign of Edward the Third the family was possessed of three knights' fees near Newark. They would seem to have gradually gone further south until one Aram is found a professor of divinity at Oxford; another, whom Eugene saw, a Commissioner of the Salt Tax under Queen Anne, living at his seat in Hertfordshire. The branch to which Eugene belonged, and which had apparently remained in Yorkshire, must have fallen from the high state of their ancestors, or had never emerged like the others from their original obscurity. The first is the more likely supposition; for Eugene Aram, though driven by cir-

cumstances to associate with the shopkeepers and ale drapers of Yorkshire villages, was always feared and respected as a very high, proud man, solitary and retiring. He was himself fully conscious of his superiority in respect of birth and lineage, for it is to his investigations that we owe these details of his ancestry; and his assiduous study of antiquities makes his information on this point the more reliable. His portrait, too, in the *Newgate Calendar*, said by those who had seen him to be a very accurate likeness, shows a face in which there is little trace of the rough and homely; and throughout his life he seems to have attracted the regard and confidence of those whose stations in life were above his own.

Whilst working at Newby with Sir Edward Blackett, Eugene's father had bought a little house at Bondgate, near Ripon, in which he installed his wife and child, visiting them in his intervals of leisure. Here Eugene was sent to school and instructed in the Testament. At the age of fourteen he joined his father at Newby, and, with the help of Sir Edward Blackett, who seems to have been attracted by his intelligence and zeal for study, entered upon that career of intense and unwearied application to various branches of learning on which rests his real claim to honorable recognition, and which only the misfortune of circumstance has rendered fruitless of a great result. He first applied himself to mathematics, and, self-taught, mastered the ghastly problems of the higher algebra. But his studies were interrupted at the age of sixteen by his being sent to London to fill the place of bookkeeper in the counting-house of a relative of Sir Edward's, a Mr. Christopher Blackett. After remaining two years in the counting-house Aram was attacked by a very severe form of small-pox. His mother's anxiety was so great at her son's illness that she was only prevented from journeying to London by Eugene's giving up the counting-house and returning home. Here the young man resumed his mathematical studies, and at the same time dived into poetry, history, and antiquities. But these new mistresses quite

seduced him from his boyish love; poor mathematics were cruelly deserted: "the charms of the other three," he writes, "quite destroyed all the heavier beauties of numbers and lines whose applications and properties I now pursued no longer."

As the time had come when Eugene must choose a profession, he settled upon that of a schoolmaster as the one for which he was best fitted. With that intention he returned to Netherdale, his birthplace, and there engaged himself as teacher in the village school. At Netherdale, according to Aram, he committed the first great error of his life, took the first unfortunate step which started him on his progress to the gibbet—he married. Of his wife's family nothing is known, except that Aram thought her very much beneath him. She shunned her in the street, and never spoke to her in public. Those who remembered her described her as a tidy little body, a very weak, soft kind of woman, to whom Aram made an indifferent husband, a kind of woman who can hardly have affected the destiny of Aram so powerfully as he subsequently asked his friends to believe. One friend, more indiscreet and reckless than the rest, speaks of Mrs. Aram as low, mean, and vulgar, unworthy the lofty intellect of her husband, for whom a Newton and Erasmus could alone have been worthy companions. But we shall see that the sublime visionary could stoop at times—and for purposes of his own—to society that would have been very distasteful to Newton or Erasmus, and far lower and meaner than that of his vulgar wife. Not that this inconsistency should be any reproach to Aram, for it is always the privilege of a husband to suffer in his companions what he resents in his wife; but, when we are confronted with the high pride of the profound and solitary scholar shocked and wounded by the vulgarity of the tidy little body, we must make very sure that the high pride is not selfish vanity, and the domestic picture presented the canting old story of the great man who is unhappy and unappreciated at home.

Whatever the joys or disappointments

of his early married life, Aram's zeal for learning was increased tenfold. A consciousness of his deficiencies which he acquired as soon as he began to teach others, and an irresistible covetousness for knowledge, drove him to unexampled industry. He taught himself English and Greek grammar from Lilly and Cambden by learning the entire books by heart. He then entered on Latin, puzzling out the meaning of the language for himself, spending sometimes a whole day over five lines and never leaving a passage till he had perfectly comprehended it. Then followed the Greek Testament, of which he parsed every word as he proceeded. When he had done this he felt himself strong enough to read Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Thucydides. These labors, the achievements be it remembered of a self-taught, comparatively uneducated man, occupied some ten years. In the study of language he had hit on the true bent of his intellect, the department of learning in which he could hope to achieve something; and neither change of place nor force of circumstances ever from this moment hindered his continual researches.

When, in 1734, "William Norton, Esquire," his friend, sent a horse and man to fetch the learned schoolmaster to Knaresborough, the change of scene only meant a change of study; Hebrew succeeded Greek, and he began to go through the Pentateuch in the original tongue as at Netherdale he had gone through the Greek Testament. And, he writes, he would have done more during the ten years he kept the school at Knaresborough if other things had not encroached on his time.

What were those other things? There was the school, there was a family of six children, and there was pecuniary embarrassment. The ten years' schoolmastering in Knaresborough had not been profitable; by the end of the year 1744 Aram had mortgaged the house at Bondgate which he had inherited from his father, and owed a considerable sum of money to his friend Mr. Norton, who had probably put him into the school in the first instance. But, in the face of

subsequent events, the question suggests itself, Had these debts arisen only from the failure of the school? Was Aram's course of life during these ten years confined to the study of Hebrew and to the instruction of the youth of Knaresborough? There is mystery surrounding these ten years at Knaresborough. In 1744, without a word of warning or preparation, without a hint as to the development of such a catastrophe, we find Aram, the solitary student, the man of high pride, who cannot even condescend to acknowledge his wife in the street, this man of learning, respected by all classes—by the lettered for the real depths of his acquirements, by the unlettered for the enormous profundity of thought which in their eyes constant solitude betokens—we find this same Aram the associate of the lowest villains in the perpetration of a monstrous fraud, and the associate of the greatest villain of them all in the murder of their fellow conspirator.

Next door to Aram's school in Knaresborough was the shop of a flax-dresser by the name of Richard Houseman. This Houseman was a dark, ill-looking fellow, broad set, round-shouldered, and wearing a brown wig, "the real picture of a murderer," as a neighbor described him. His only companion in his flax-dressing was a large black raven that perched itself at the top of the steps leading into his shop. He was looked upon as belonging to the thoroughly bad set in Knaresborough, a set which included Daniel Clarke the shoemaker, Terry the ale draper, Iles the usurer, and Levi the Jew. These men were regarded by the good people of Knaresborough as equal to any villainy. When, at the beginning of 1744, a Jew pedlar boy who travelled with jewelry in the neighborhood disappeared, report said that Houseman and Daniel Clarke had murdered him. That may or may not have been; but certain it is that about this time Houseman and Clarke had hit on a very much more profitable form of enterprise than murdering a pedlar boy for a few trumpery provincial trinkets. The new scheme was no rough and ready highway murder, such

as might spring from the brain of the flax-dresser or the shoemaker; it was a subtle and ingenious fraud, and argues the presence of a superior intellect in the councils of the criminals. This was the scheme: Clarke had married a wife who was possessed of a fortune of 200*l.*; the money remained for the present in the hands of her relatives, who seem to have been unwilling to give it up until they were satisfied that Clarke was a man of some substance, and not an impetuous person who would spend his wife's fortune as soon as she got it. Clarke and his advisers saw in this reluctance of the relatives to part with the fortune a means of securing not only the 200*l.*, but a substantial sum of money in addition to it. On the strength of his wife's reputed fortune on the one hand, and to impress the reluctant relatives on the other with an idea of his substance, Clarke was to order from various tradesmen plate, linen, jewelry, watches, rings, and other articles. On the strength of these extensive purchases, which would argue substantial means, the relatives would part with the money. As soon as Clarke had the money and the unpaid goods on his hands, he was to disappear with his share of the booty, leaving the rest in the hands of his confederates. The guilt of the fraud would thus attach to Clarke alone, who would be safe away, while his accomplices would wait a convenient time to realize their shares of the profit. This plan, excellent in itself, is only imperfect as regards Clarke, who is condemned thereby to a perpetual exile, whilst his friends remain at home rejoicing. However, he appears to have been weak enough to have accepted it, and to have been prepared to say goodbye to Knaresborough forever.

Such was the main plot; but there was an under-plot also, in which Daniel Clarke's part called for an even greater sacrifice and a more compendious farewell. As soon as the fraud was accomplished, the booty in Clarke's hands, Houseman and the third party, the latest recruit in the rascality of Knaresborough, were to murder the shoemaker and share among two instead of three

Mrs. Clarke's money and the unpaid articles. The disappearance of Clarke and his property would favor with the public the idea that he had absconded, and so divert suspicion from his murderers.

His murderers! Richard Houseman and Eugene Aram! For it was the schoolmaster who had joined the flax-dresser and the shoemaker in their latest venture, and, with his neighbor Houseman, was to remove Daniel Clarke out of harm's way. Somehow or other—in what exact manner it is impossible to say—the studious recluse had drifted into an alliance with the murderous-looking shopkeeper next door, and had become sufficiently intimate with him to engage in the darkest of his designs. Aram had made Clarke's acquaintance in his love of botany; Clarke was a skilled florist, and he and Aram spent many delightful hours in scaring away cats from the schoolmaster's garden. In these hours it may have been that Aram learnt something of his companion's projects, and was perhaps through him introduced to Houseman. Himself under the stress of financial difficulties, he saw in the rude designs of these rascals a means of relieving his own embarrassments, and, in the perfection of an intelligent plan, built up murder on robbery. "Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is progressive and declines from right, step by step, till every regard of probity is lost and every sense of all moral obligation perishes." Thus spake Eugene Aram in his own defence, and certainly, in his case, these downward steps are hidden from us; suddenly, to our infinite amazement, the callous murderer emerges from the pensive seclusion of the student.

Aram has not, however, left us without any apology. After his conviction and sentence, he told the clergyman who visited him that he murdered Clarke because he suspected him of an intrigue with his wife, and that at the time he considered he was doing right. Either Aram is here telling the truth, or, on the threshold of death, deliberately blackening his wife's character to jus-

tify his own conduct. He can only be judged in this circumstantially. Whilst local report is silent as to any connection between Clarke and Mrs. Aram, it is not silent on the unfeeling indifference with which she was treated by her husband—an indifference which makes his sensitiveness as to her moral conduct rather fantastic. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1759, the year of his execution, describes his conduct towards her as inhuman. The murder of Clarke, too, is surrounded by circumstances that, to a great extent, soil its character as an act of retribution on the part of a wronged husband. His devoted apologist says that all his children but one took after their mother, and that consequently Aram never considered them as his own—a rather severe conclusion. Vanity, if it does not cause crime, seldom fails to accompany it, for there is no surer extingisher of remorse. If, in his early treatment of his wife, Aram's vanity of birth and talent made him shun her in the public place, and asperse his children for their likeness to their mother, may not the same presumptuous vanity that wrote on the eve of his execution the lines:—

Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles and no heart that aches,

have prompted him to preserve his reputation among men by vilifying the reputation of a woman whom to the very last he treated with dislike and contempt?

The best apology offered on Aram's behalf comes from an admirer who, comparing him with Houseman, exclaims: "How much greater the temptation to murder to a man like Aram, with a miserable wife and six children, than to a wretch like Houseman, who could carry all his family under his hat!" (alluding to the large raven). There is a greater semblance of truth in this excuse than in the plea of the faithless wife.

By the 7th of February, 1745, Clarke, Houseman, and Aram had, in pursuance of their plan, procured the goods,

plate, linen, and jewelry from various tradesmen, and Mrs. Clarke's money from her relatives; the following day Clarke was to quit Knaresborough with his share. But, before doing so, the spoil had to be divided, and for that purpose Aram and Houseman invited Clarke to come with them to St. Robert's cave, outside Knaresborough, where the division could be made in greater secrecy. About six o'clock on the evening of the 7th, Aram came home and told his wife to light a good fire in the room up-stairs. He then went out and did not return until two in the morning with Clarke and Houseman. Something had happened to Houseman's wig, for Aram asked his wife for a handkerchief to tie about "Dicky's" head. They did not stop long; Clarke was impatient to be gone; "It will soon be morning; we must get off," he said. The three men went out, and Mrs. Aram saw that Clarke carried a sack on his back.

At four o'clock—two hours after—Houseman and Aram returned, but this time without Clarke. They came up-stairs to the room where the fire was. Mrs. Aram asked what had become of Clarke, to which Aram replied by telling her to go to bed. She refused, and the two men, who seemed to be very anxious to have the fire to themselves, were obliged to go down-stairs and light another. Filled with misgiving, Mrs. Aram listened from above: she could only hear vague sounds. It was well she could not hear too clearly, or she might have caught the words in which Houseman suggested that she should be murdered also for safety's sake—a suggestion which Aram did not take up. At seven o'clock the two men went out. As soon as they had gone Mrs. Aram came down-stairs and closely examined the fireplace. There were only ashes in the grate then; but on the dunghill outside she found some burnt wearing apparel, and the handkerchief she had lent Dicky to tie round his head, now blood-stained. She could not help concluding from this that something had happened to Clarke; but when she expressed this natural misgiving to Dicky,

he was surprised and could not imagine what she meant.

She was right all the same, in spite of Dicky's amazement. Between two and four o'clock on the morning of the 8th of February, 1745, Daniel Clarke had been murdered by Aram and Houseman, and his body buried in St. Robert's cave. How he was killed, or who struck the fatal blow, is uncertain; each man charged the other with actually breaking Clarke's skull, but to Aram in all probability belongs the credit of that performance. At any rate, from Mrs. Aram's account, it is clear that both participated in the crime, and, from the ordering of the fire by Aram at six on the evening of the 7th and the use to which the fire was subsequently put, it is also clear that, whatever the motive or variety of motives, the crime was premeditated.

When Clarke's disappearance became known in Knaresborough and the fraud that had been practised in connection with it, Aram and Houseman did not escape suspicion. In order that Aram might not be out of the way if he was wanted, he was arrested for the debt he owed to Norton; and the public was hardly reassured when he promptly obtained release by paying off the debt and also the mortgage on the house at Bondgate. In addition to these peculiar circumstances, some of the goods obtained by Clarke were found buried in Aram's and Houseman's gardens. Once more the law laid hands on the schoolmaster, and charged him with a misdemeanor in the matter of Clarke's fraudulent proceedings; but Aram was in a short time discharged for want of sufficient evidence. As soon as he was released, he hastily quitted Knaresborough without even waiting to take advantage of his redeemed mortgage on the Bondgate house, leaving behind him his wife and family to shift as best they could. There was no repose for etymological study in Knaresborough with that ugly reminiscence mouldering in St. Robert's cave.

The next fourteen years of Aram's life, from his quitting Knaresborough in 1745 to his execution at York in 1759,

were the years during which, in spite of frequent wanderings and changes of scene and occupation, he completed his study of language and lighted on the etymological discovery which, if not original, as he himself admitted, was at least the realization of a truth at that time unimagined or unappreciated by his contemporaries. London was the first resting place of the wandering scholar. Here he remained for two years and a half, as usher at a school in Piccadilly kept by a Mr. Painblanc. This gentleman, he says, in addition to a salary, further rewarded his services by teaching the eager linguist French. In London Aram found means of realizing what was left to him of the Clarke booty; his profits from that transaction are said to have amounted to about 160*l.*, of which he must have already spent a considerable portion in meeting his liabilities at Knaresborough. On leaving Mr. Painblanc, Aram went to a school at Hayes, where he was engaged as writing master. He remained there some three or four years, after which he spent short periods at various other schools in the south of England, returning finally to London. His circumstances at this time can have been far from prosperous, for on this second visit to London we find him earning money by transcribing Acts of Parliament for registration in Chancery. Ultimately he got an engagement as usher at the free grammar school of Lynn in Norfolk, where, at the end of seven months, he was arrested for the crime he had committed fourteen years before.

It is this period, between the murder and his arrest, that has been seized on by writers of fiction as a period of remorse and mental agony, made more poignant and terrible by the added distresses of a great passion. Of the latter no trace is to be found except in the scandalous whispers of Lynn that accuse the usher of living there with a young lady he described as his niece, but who, on his departure thence, was discovered to have been his mistress. Scatterd, the rhapsodical apologist already alluded to, indignantly repudiates this anecdote, and refutes it by de-

claring that the pseudo-niece was no other than his ever faithful and devoted daughter Sally, who accompanied him through all his wanderings, and, after her father's death, was so overcome with despair that her morals forsook her and she became the mistress of a gentleman in London. From this dire situation she was rescued by an honest publican in the Westminster Bridge Road, who married her. Of her father she ever entertained devoted and loving memories, believing that his dear spirit "was traversing the Elysian fields with the kindred shades of his beloved Homer and Virgil."

In the letter Aram wrote describing his wanderings he is silent as to his daughter's companionship; indeed, the story of his niece at Lynn is the only possible reference to it. Those who remember his arrest and his arrival at Knaresborough say nothing of any companion; and Sally's rapturous vision of the Elysian fields has a suspicious flavor of the gushing Scatcherd. Aram was a man of forty when he left Knaresborough, fifty-four at the time of his execution. The extent of his studies and the recollections of the few who have any remembrance of the usher suggest rather the moody scholar of Hood's poem than the passionate youth of Bulwer Lytton.

But on the remorseful tortures of the Aram of "The Dream" history is silent. Such evidence as exists of Aram's bearing after the murder and during the time of his trial and punishment points, not to a man of intrinsically noble nature riven by the pangs of sorrow for a crime committed under the stress of a dire temptation, but to a cold and deliberate murderer justifying his act to himself by a kind of sentimental vanity which does not hesitate before slander and falsehood to accomplish its pitiful end. There is not in Aram's conduct, from the moment of his return to Knaresborough, a prisoner charged with murder, the slightest evidence of any feeling of remorse. He is calm, confident of his acquittal, unmoved altogether by the painful circumstances of his situation; and when, after his sen-

tence, all hope of earthly salvation is at an end, he contemplates with sublime self-composure the approaching journey of his calm and guiltless soul. If, during fourteen years of absence from the scene of his crime, his first feelings of remorse had become dulled, surely they would have returned with all their former acuteness when the hour of expiation had arrived.

Study, continuous and unwearied, was always with him in his years of exile. From the French taught him by Mr. Painblanc he passed to Chaldee and Arabic, concluding with Celtic. When he had completed the study of the last-named language and had compared some three thousand words in that tongue with their equivalents in the Latin, Greek, and other languages, he was able to determine the affinity of the Celtic with the other European languages, and, by recognizing this truth, to raise himself from the *Newgate Calendar* into every respectable biographical dictionary. All his papers, all the written records of his work, are lost, but his claim to recognition in this respect has never been disputed.

His interest in botany, to which he owed his acquaintance with his victim Clarke, continued with him during his wanderings, and in the Botanical Gardens at Chelsea he spent many delightful and instructive hours. A gentleman who used sometimes to accompany Aram on his visits to Chelsea remembers the humane solicitude with which he would remove from the path any snail or worm for fear of treading on it—a delightful trait. But Eugene Aram is not the first scoundrel who has found smashing in a man's head quite consistent with kindness to dumb animals; people, the inferiority of whose natures has prevented them from finding any good in their fellow men, are very apt to believe that true human nature resides only in cats and dogs.

Lynn was the last resting-place of Eugene Aram before the final catastrophe. He is better remembered here than anywhere else. He is spoken of as sullen and reserved, straying alone among the flat uninteresting marshes

by the river Ouse, dressed in a horse-man's great coat, a great flapped hat drawn over his eyes; and—a singular peculiarity—if he heard any noise behind him, he would not merely turn his head, but swing himself round *bodily*, as if to confront an enemy. After Aram's arrest the headmaster of the grammar school recollected meeting the usher one night outside his bedroom door under very suspicious circumstances, and ever after congratulated himself on a lucky escape from murder; but the boys liked Aram very well, and he made a good many friends among the neighboring gentry.

He was stopping one day with a Dr. Weatherhead, a parson living near Lynn. It was a winter's morning; but Aram, always devoted to plants and flowers, was out in the garden helping the doctor with his flower-beds. Whilst they were engaged in this occupation, a horse-dealer called to see the doctor, who was anxious to sell a horse. The dealer happened to come from Yorkshire, and, as he was talking over the bargain with the parson, he caught sight of the figure of Aram working in the garden. He immediately recognized him and told the doctor that he knew his friend. The horse-dealer, his business completed, returned to Yorkshire, and was able to tell his customers at Knaresborough the whereabouts of Eugene Aram. For the moment the information was interesting; in a month or two it became useful.

Early in the year 1758 a laborer, digging stone at Thistle Hill, near Knaresborough, came across a human skeleton. The people of Knaresborough with one voice declared that these must be the bones of Daniel Clarke. Mrs. Aram had already dropped some hints as to the fate of Clarke; now, at the coroner's inquest on the newly found skeleton, she told her story of the night of the murder. Houseman was apprehended on her evidence, and confronted with the bones. The coroner, seeing him pale and trembling with fear, bade him take up a bone. Houseman obeyed, but, to the general astonishment, declared that the bone was no more Daniel Clarke's

than it was his. Asked to explain himself, he said that Eugene Aram had murdered Clarke, whose bones were not those found on Thistle Hill, but were lying buried in St. Robert's cave. There the skeleton of Clarke was unearthed, according to Houseman's indication. Furnished with the horse-dealer's information, now valuable indeed, Barker and Moore, two Knaresborough constables, set out for Lynn disguised as Yorkshire cattle-dealers.

Arrived at Lynn, the constables made inquiries at the local inn, where they were soon able to satisfy themselves that the man they wanted and the usher at the grammar school were one and the same person. Aram was standing in a corner of the playground when he was apprehended, handcuffed, and, amidst the tears of his pupils, driven off in a chaise to Knaresborough with his two captors. It will be seen from this that he did not *walk* between the two stern-faced men, whose proceedings are so graphically described in Hood's poem.

His arrival at Knaresborough had been eagerly awaited. As he stepped from the chaise at the door of the Bell Inn, the rustic crowd observed with admiration his genteel suit of clothes and the elegant frills hanging from his wrists—a very different figure from the impecunious schoolmaster who had left them fourteen years before. Since then Eugene Aram had been courted and respected by men who were of a position to appreciate the learned and ingenious scholar, who had known nothing of the obscure and nefarious past, who would have been shocked and startled indeed to have seen the elegant frills of the meditative usher trailing over the handcuffs.

In the parlor of the inn Aram found the vicar and a number of local gentlemen whom the singular circumstances of the crime and the personality of the criminal had drawn together. Aram conversed freely and calmly with the assembled company, and assured them of his ability to meet the charges brought against him. In the midst of his conversation his wife, who had been

told of her husband's arrival, entered the room with her children. He took no notice of them till he had finished his conversation with the gentry; then, turning to her, said coldly, "Well, how do you do?" He then asked after one of his sons, an idiot; his wife answered that the boy was worse; he told her that if she had followed his instructions he would have been better.

A year passed between Aram's return to Knarborough and his trial at York in the August of 1759. The interval of time was occupied, presumably, in some attempt to procure such evidence as would convict both Aram and Houseman without having to accept the testimony of either man against the other. Not that Aram would have offered himself as a witness against his accomplice: his firmness and courage—if such a word may be used—are as remarkable as the trembling cowardice of Houseman. Of the latter he spoke with bitter contempt. "Young woman," he said to a girl who served him with his meals in York Castle, "if you ever get married, don't take a man that has got a hen's heart, but choose one that has a cock's." His mind was so composed that even the parting agony of his dear daughter Sally did not prevent him from giving her a receipt for removing freckles. As she stood sobbing at the gates of the Castle he noticed she had become tanned and freckled with the sun. Poor Sally in the midst of her tears admitted the soft impeachment, but said she didn't know how to get rid of them. "Oh, make a wash with lemon juice, that will clear you," answered her father.

The trial of Eugene Aram took place at York before Mr. Justice Noel on the 13th of August. To the surprise of Aram, Houseman, who had been previously arraigned and acquitted for want of evidence, appeared in the box as a witness for the crown. It may be partly due to his surprise at this proceeding that in his now famous defence Aram made no effort to reply to the evidence given against him; in all probability the evidence was sufficiently clear to make an effective answer impossible.

There is no report of the trial; Aram's speech is the only part preserved to us, and in this he is altogether silent as to any of the witnesses called by the prosecution. Scatcherd says that, though the wisest of men, Aram was too much of a child in a law court to make a defence that would have satisfied a judge and jury. Certainly Aram labored under the usual disadvantages of prisoners in those days; but it is difficult to believe from his previous career, or the ingeniousness of the defence which he did make, that he was so childlike as to have been unable to offer a refutation of the case against him if it had been in his power to do so. His defence as it stands, admirable in the modesty of its expression and the ingenuity of its arguments, is absolutely unconvincing. It consists entirely of an attempt to show that the bones of Clarke might be the bones of some long-buried hermit, and he cites a number of instances in which such bones have been found in a similar state of preservation, in spite of a much longer interment than fourteen years. He dwells, too, with becoming diffidence on his irreproachable character and reputation, and the improbability of a man of such conduct suddenly, without any previous experience in crime, committing a horrid murder. In this argument Eugene Aram touches the very mystery of his own career. He has offered a solution of this sudden impulse to crime by accusing his wife of infidelity; we have already commented on the dubious character of that explanation. At the last let Eugene Aram speak for himself. Convicted and condemned to death, he attempted suicide in York Castle the night before his execution. Before opening the veins of his arm with a razor he had concealed for the purpose, he wrote:—

What am I better than my fathers? To die is natural and necessary. Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die than I did to be born. But the manner of it is something which should in my opinion be decent and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of a man's life than himself; and he, not others,

should determine how. As to any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and morals, they are (as they always were) things indifferent to me. I think, though contrary to the common way of thinking; I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to that eternal Being that formed me and the world; and as by this I injure no man, no man can be reasonably offended. I solicitously recommend myself to that eternal and almighty Being, the God of nature, if I have done amiss. But perhaps I have not, and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence and suffer by prejudice, I hope to rise fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox.¹ I slept sound till three o'clock, awaked, and then writ these lines:

Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumbers fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of
all;

Calm and composed, my soul her journey
takes,
No guilt that troubles and no heart that
aches.

Adieu! thou sun, all bright like her arise.
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good
and wise.

Are these lines the dignified farewell of a martyred philosopher, or the egotistical exit of a criminal posing as martyr and philosopher? Would not a word or two of greeting and apology to Clarke and Mrs. Aram have been more seemly and polite on such an occasion than six of the worst lines ever penned—even in the eighteenth century—in praise of his own sublime departure from this world? Over Aram's farewell, one can exclaim with Joseph Surface, "Ah, my dear sir, 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you." One would be so grateful for just some little acknowledgment of human weakness from this consciously irreproachable assassin.

Was Eugene Aram a well-intentioned man? That would be the most instruc-

tive question to resolve. We are inclined to answer it in the negative; but it is difficult to give a decided verdict on such an issue in the presence of merely oral testimony. All we can say with absolute certainty is that he murdered Daniel Clarke and discovered a European affinity in Celtic roots. For the latter achievement he is entitled to rank with scholars as well as murderers; for the former he was hanged at York, half fainting from his attempt at suicide which had been happily, or unhappily, frustrated, and his body hung in chains near Knaresborough. One of his daughters, Betty, described as a "wild girl," saw the corpse swinging in its chains on Thistle Hill and gleefully ran to tell her mother that she had seen father hanging up on the hill; the sight seemed to give her satisfaction.

Houseman withdrew with his raven from his native village, loathed and dejected, his windows smashed by old pupils of Aram's, and died in his bed at a place called Marton.

Mrs. Aram kept a pie and sausage shop in Knaresborough, and picked up her husband's bones as they fell from the gibbet.

H. B. IRVING.

From Leisure Hour.

THE RANEE.

"I am greatly honored that you should wish to ally yourself with my family," said the Rajah of Khetri, bowing with courteous grace.

"The honor will be entirely on my side, your Highness," said the fat old Rajah of Johdpore, wagging his double chin. "There is not a man in Rajputana, not the Maharajah of Jeypore himself, to whom I would sooner give my daughter than to you."

The two rajahs sat side by side on two cane armchairs in a room of the Johdpore Palace, which boasted no other furniture except a white sheet stretched upon the floor. Behind them, at a respectful distance, a group of

¹ I should think it was very doubtful whether a prison chaplain would assent to Aram's claim to orthodoxy. There is a suspicious flavor of eighteenth-century deism in his conception of God. However, the God of the Bible and the God of the philosopher are equally odious on the lips of murderers, repentant or unrepentant.

their attendants squatted on the floor. The Rajah of Khetri was a remarkably handsome man of thirty, with a clear brown skin, and straight features, and large languorous black eyes; he had a tall and graceful figure, which was shown to advantage by his long well-fitting white cloth coat. There was a smile lurking in the depths of his dark eyes and behind his silky black moustache. He was thinking of the gossip he had heard in his own zenana, that Johdpore's daughter had seen him one day from a window when he came to shoot with her father, and had straightway fallen in love with him, and persuaded her father to offer her to him in marriage.

"My daughter is very fair and beautiful," said old Johdpore, seeing his neighbor still sat silent. "She is also very accomplished. She can sing and play the zither, and she has been taught to read and write."

"I am sure she is everything that is charming," said he of Khetri, courteously. "I have always heard her beauty most highly praised. I shall be most happy to receive her at your hands for my wife."

"This is a joyful day for me and my house," said the old rajah. "I think your Highness has only one ranee at present?"

"You are rightly informed, rajah. I have but one ranee at present."

The old man knew his chosen son-in-law had no son to succeed him, so he forebore to ask any more questions, and sat and beamed in silence on his young companion.

"Doubtless your Highness intends to bestow some dowry on your fair daughter, although her charms are in themselves a rich fortune. For myself I would ask nothing more; but we have to consider our State and the wishes of our people."

"Certainly my Bai will have a dowry," the Johdpore Rajah answered, shooting a keen glance at his neighbor. "It will perhaps be well that we consult with our advisers on this matter." He turned and said a few words to the attendants behind him. Two or three

rose and left the room, and presently the ten or twelve councillors of the two States came filing in with dignified salaams, followed by servants carrying chairs, and presently they were seated in a half-circle on either side of the two rajahs. Grave and reverend signiors all. There was not one amongst them who could read or write his own language, or sign his name; but they were, nevertheless, astute and capable councillors of their respective chiefs. Then followed many compliments, and much flattery on both sides, before they settled down to a long and keen bargaining, in which the rajahs took no part, as to how many villages and how much revenue Johdpore's only daughter should bring in her hand when she went to her new lord's palace.

Meanwhile, in the close seclusion of her zenana in another part of the palace, the bride-elect sat among her maidens.

In a large and pretty room, colored a pale green, with many slender pillars and delicate arches, with the whole front open to a sunny sanded court, a wide and thick mattress was spread upon a carpet on the floor, with a huge bolster at one end of it; here the spoilt darling of the zenana reclined, upon her guddi. A swarthy girl of fifteen, with, if one may say so of a rajah's daughter, a plain face and awkward squat figure. She was listening now, with a self-conscious smile on her thick lips, to the praises of the young Rajah of Khetri. Her women sat about round the edge of the guddi, all talking together at the pitch of their high shrill voices, telling her how handsome was the bridegroom-elect, how large and dark his eyes, how straight and tall his form; what a good hunter he was, how brave and manly.

"But I shall not be first ranee," she said at last with a pout.

"The first ranee has no children, Andata. And with your beauty and your talents you will ever reign the first in the heart of your husband."

"Bring out the book and see if I shall have any children, Noki Bai," commanded the young princess.

One of the women rose and brought a ponderous volume from an inner room and laid it at her young mistress's feet. With a lazy hand Bai Sahib opened it and read what was written on the open page. As her wily old father said, Bai Sahib had been taught reading and writing, but he forebore to mention that she had never been able to acquire either of those difficult arts.

One of the maids read aloud a sonorous verse of Hindi, and another proceeded to interpret its meaning.

Bai Sahib would bring two beautiful sons to the State that was lucky enough to have her for its ranee, and she should have never a daughter to be an expense and a reproach in the household.

"Look now and see whether the rajah will always love me, and never want to take another wife." And she turned over the pages of the book amidst a chorus of the women.

"Could any man fail to love forever so beautiful and so amiable a princess?"

"There is no woman so beautiful and so beloved in the whole of Rajputana as you, Andata."

"He who has once beheld you will never want to look on another woman." They fed her with the flattery that had been her food every day of her short life.

The reading woman read a verse and the prophet again interpreted, promising all pleasant things to the vain young princess.

"Give me a betel," said the princess, yawning, and kicking away the book with her foot. One of the women leaned over the guddi, taking care not to touch it, and reached out for a chased silver box that lay near her mistress's hand; opening it, she took out a folded betel leaf pinned together with a clove and filled with spices and broken fragments of betel nut. This she gave Bai Sahib, who put it in her mouth; then she opened a little silk bag that lay on the guddi, and poured a handful of cardamoms into the girl's hand, which she peeled lazily one by one, putting the seeds into her mouth.

"Sing something, Seristi," she said, yawning again.

Seristi, a pretty, bright young girl, fetched a small barrel-shaped drum from a corner, and seating herself in front of her mistress, began thrumming on it and singing one of the monotonous Hindi love songs.

The princess listened and yawned and chewed her betel, and one or two of the older women dozed, sitting round the guddi; they had been up half the night helping her to sleep. Then this pastime palled, and she called for food. They brought in a small square table, about a foot high, and placed it on the guddi. Then two cooks brought in trays covered with a cloth, which they placed on the table, trays filled with a multitude of little silver bowls containing small portions of rice, soup, boiled meat, and chopped vegetables, all very hot and highly spiced, sweets, and a little pile of chupatties. Bai Sahib sat up and began to eat, dipping her fingers first in one bowl, then in another, making ugly noises as she ate. When she had finished, one of the maids brought her a vessel like a silver coffee-pot, full of water, which she poured over her hands. Then the princess lay back on her guddi again, to chew more betel and ask more questions about the young Rajah of Khetri.

So it wore on to evening and bedtime. The princess's women brought in a low square bed and spread a mattress and pillows on it, and Bai Sahib arose yawning and threw herself upon it without any ceremony of undressing. The women filed out till only four were left; and then began the nightly business of putting the young lady to sleep. Two sat on the bed near her feet and thumped her legs hard with their fists, one pounded her head, and one sang loudly a discordant lullaby; until by and by she slept, and the women who watched her talked together in low undertones; but cautiously, as befitted those who talk amongst spies and tale-bearers, where each one was anxious to win her mistress's favor and disgrace her fellows.

The wedding day was fixed, and

there was a great making of wedding garments. Silken skirts, a hundred yards wide, heavy with gold or silver lace, as is the fashion of Rajputana; pale-hued bodices with glittering bands of gold and silver; fairy chuddahs of gossamer and spangles, and delicate embroidery to be worn over the head and shoulders, and sweeping round the skirts. Many presents of jewelry came pouring in from the other chiefs of Rajputana. Bracelets, anklets, and earrings; necklaces, strings of pearls, and jewelled bands for the hair, very costly, mostly very clumsy, set with uncut stones.

There was merry-making for many days, and guests came from afar. On the wedding day the great hall of the palace was filled with the zenana guests, so over-filled, indeed, that many fair ladies fainted and had to be carried out.

The rajah had brought camels and elephants and a great train of servants, to bear his bride with all due honor to her new home. There was a rich and handsome palanquin for the lady herself, in which she would be carried the three days' journey that lay between Johdpore and Khetri. On the morning of the wedding day the rajah would take her the first stage on her journey home. Before that he was privileged to pay her his first visit in her zenana.

She stood there now on her guddi in her gorgeous wedding dress, with jewels on her hair and neck and breast; on arms and wrists and ankles, hardly able to stand under the weight of it all.

"The Rajah Sahib is coming," cried one of the women, hurrying across the court.

"Ask him to come in," said the bride.

"Come in, come in," cried the women standing in the court; and the rajah came across the sunshine to his bride, the only man except her father whom she had ever seen in the zenana.

He drew aside the shrouding veil, and looked long at the dark plain face whose beauty had been so vaunted to him.

"My fair ranee," he said, with grave courtesy. "You are willing to come

with me to Khetri? I hope you will be happy there."

She giggled and did not answer.

They sat side by side upon the guddi, looking out upon the sunlit court, and he tried to talk to her, of her music, of the books she had read, and a little of Khetri. The bride sat silent with downcast eyes and a self-conscious smile, plucking at the bracelets on her wrists. At length he rose to go, and the momentous interview was over.

Then she was led down-stairs and put into her palanquin, with high screens held up all round her as she went, so that no curious eyes might behold her, and the long cavalcade set forth. Women in bullock-carts, men on horses and camels and elephants, long strings of baggage camels—a picturesque sight enough.

They travelled all that day, and reached the first stage in the evening, where they encamped for the night; the ranee and her women in a great bare rest house, the men outside in a narrow sandy valley between slate hills. The camels sat round in circles with their heads together, in their sociable fashion, the men were cooking and smoking and eating round great flaring wood fires; here and there a tent, one for the rajah, two or three for his more honored followers.

The rajah sent to inquire if the lady was comfortable in her rest house, but he did not come himself. The women wondered a little, but they said nothing, and the ranee slept without a lullaby.

On the third evening they reached Khetri, when it was too late and too dark for the bride to see anything of her new home. Next morning she was up betimes, contrary to her usual custom. Her maids were strangely silent as they dressed her. When she was ready she asked impatiently, "Why does not the rajah come? Tell him he can come in." But the garrulous maids were silent.

"Where is the rajah?" she asked, looking darkly upon them.

"They say, your Highness, the Rajah

Sahib has gone to Jeypore for the races, but doubtless he will return soon."

"What does that mean?" she asked, staring blankly at them. One old woman who had nursed her as a baby began to cry. The others slipped out of the room one by one, with as little show as possible.

"Where is the other ranee, then? Is she here in the palace.

"Oh, my beautiful one, this is not the palace."

"Where am I? What is it?" she cried, springing up from the guddi.

"You are in the fort."

"The Khetri Fort?" she whispered. She had heard of the Khetri Fort; a grim and frowning pile of buildings on the top of an almost inaccessible rock, where the widows of the Khetri rajahs were sent to finish the remnant of their lives when a new rajah reigned in Khetri.

"Then is the rajah dead?" she asked, bewildered.

"No; it is the truth, your Highness, that he is gone to Jeypore. Wait, and have patience, Andata; he will come."

But though she waited he never came.

Up in that grim and dreary fort to-day there is an old white-haired woman of sixty years. She has passed all her life since she was fifteen in that eyrie on the rock, spending her days amongst her women as she had done at Johdpore before her marriage, listening to the gossip that now and then came up to them from the palace down below in the valley, chewing betel and lolling on her guddi. Into her life there has never come the one solitary consolation of the zenana, a husband's fleeting affection, the love and care of young children.

The handsome young rajah married many wives, and was gathered to his fathers, and another reigns in his stead; but he never went again to the wife who had not found favor in his sight.

H. J. BOURCHIER.

From *The Spectator*.

THE GIANT TORTOISE OF ALDABRA.

Mr. Walter Rothschild has procured for this country, and installed in the Zoological Society's collection, the oldest living creature in the world. It is one of the giant tortoises of Aldabra, sufficiently remarkable for its size, for it weighs a quarter of a ton, but even more interesting from the record of its age. This gives it a known life of one hundred and fifty years, with the unknown increment of its age previous to its transportation to the island of Mauritius. It is, we believe, the same tortoise which was mentioned in the treaty between Great Britain and France when the island was ceded by the former country in 1810, and has therefore changed its status four times in a century and a half as a national heirloom.

When the length of the life of other animals is contrasted with that of the giant tortoise, it is clear that the latter must enjoy some special advantage, either of structure or of habit, conducing to longevity. One hundred years is a good old age for an elephant, and no other animals, except certain birds and reptiles, reach half this span of years. With this we may contrast the following instances of the length of years attained both by the smaller tortoises and the gigantic species. In the bishop's garden at Peterborough one died in 1821 which was said to have exceeded two hundred and twenty years. The Lambeth tortoise, which was introduced into the garden by Archbishop Laud about the year 1625, and died in 1753, owing to some neglect of the gardener, lived in its "last situation" one hundred and twenty-eight years. In 1833, Sir Charles Colville, governor of the Mauritius, sent to the Zoological Gardens a tortoise weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds. It was four feet four inches long, and had been in the Mauritius for sixty-seven years. The exact period was known, for this tortoise was brought to that island from the Seychelles in 1766 by the Chevalier Marion du Fresne. At that time it was

full-grown, so that its real age was probably much greater. In the Museum of Natural History at South Kensington are the remains of an Aldabra tortoise, of the species now presented to the Zoological Society by Mr. Walter Rothschild, which, though only known to be eighty years old, weighed eight hundred and seventy pounds, and was still growing at the time of its death.

The structure of the tortoises contributes a large share to their pre-eminence in length of life. Their bodies are spared the whole of that exhausting process of collapse and expansion which we call "breathing." The cruel wear and tear of this incessant motion, involving work of lungs, muscles, ribs, and air-passages, unnoticed in health, but one of the most distressing facts revealed by illness, does not fall on the happy tortoise. His "shell," back-piece and breastplate alike, is as rigid as a piece of concrete. The "armor" of an armadillo rises and falls on his back at each respiration. That of the tortoise being an "outside skeleton" instead of a "process of the epidermis," he is kindly saved all this trouble. He sucks in air by making a vacuum with his tongue, and swallows it like water, the reservoir instead of a stomach being his capacious lungs. In addition to this enormous saving of energy, the tortoise enjoys two other structural advantages. He has no teeth to break, decay, get out of order, and ultimately starve him to death, like those of an old horse or a broken-toothed rabbit. Instead he has sharp horny edges to his mouth, which do not break or get out of order. And, lastly, there is his impenetrable shell. In reference to this, size is of real advantage, for though small tortoises may live for centuries in bishop's gardens, they have their enemies in the outer world. Adjutant-storks swallow them whole and digest them, shell and all, and in California the golden eagle carries them up to a height and lets them fall on the rocks, thereby smashing their shells, as the Sicilian eagle was trying to do when he dropped the tortoise on the skull of *Æschylus*. But when a tortoise grows to a weight of

two hundred pounds there is no living animal which could injure it in any way. As it can swim it cannot drown; its limbs are so constructed as to be little liable to fracture, and its interior is so arranged that it can fast for long periods, and has an internal reservoir of water, though it is naturally rather a thirsty animal. Charles Darwin, when among the giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands, saw the newly-hatched young carried off by buzzards and carrion hawks, but the full-grown animals of two hundred pounds weight seemed beyond the chance of any danger. He surmised that their deaths, when such took place, were only due to accident, such as falling over precipices, and inhabitants of the islands corroborated this conclusion.

Being "built to last," the tortoise's habits and character have to conform in some sort to the limitations set by its form. It is not tempted to waste energy in useless motion. On the other hand, the disposition of the land tortoises is eminently placid. This is by no means an inseparable accompaniment of slow and solidly-built reptiles. Toads, for example, have dreadful tempers, which induce them to fight battles on dusty roads, and lose their lives untimely. Then there is a huge fat frog in Argentina which can only hop an inch at a time, but which is so irritable that he positively barks with fury, and almost bursts in his endeavors to come to close quarters and bite. But the tortoise "leads the life of tranquillity on the carpet of prudence," and neither "wears out" nor "rusts out." Yet they are less apathetic than might be supposed from the habits of the small species kept in English gardens. On the Galapagos Islands Darwin found that the giant tortoises were really not only the "oldest inhabitants," but the representative creatures of the archipelago. They were living their own life very much at their ease; but this was not quite as devoid of incident as one might imagine. Both food and water are more common on the higher parts of the islands—which are extinct volcanoes—than near the coast. Fresh water, in-

deed, is only found up in the hills, and, as the tortoises are very fond of water, they have to make long and uphill journeys to reach it. They make "broad and well-beaten paths" from the coast to the springs, and it was by following the tortoises' roads that the Spaniards first found the springs they needed to water the ships. "When I landed at Chatham Island," writes Mr. Darwin, "I could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these great monsters,—one set eagerly travelling onwards with outstretched necks, and another set returning after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at a spring, quite regardless of any spectator, it buries its head in the water above its eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls at the rate of ten a minute." On the dry lower ground the explorer found the giant tortoises munching up a succulent cactus. On the higher ground they ate leaves, fallen berries, and lichen.

A very curious fact in relation to the giant tortoises is their isolation on small, remote, ocean-surrounded islands at vast distances from land and from each other. Aldabra, for example, is a small uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean, north-west of Madagascar. Others are found in ocean archipelagoes, like the Seychelles, or recent volcanic islets, like the Galapagos off the Pacific coast of South America. One rather attractive theory for this isolation of the big tortoises traces their "plantation" on these desolate islands to the old buccaneers. It has been contended that the Galapagos Islands were the original home of the giant tortoises,

and that the rovers, who stocked them on board ship and kept them alive for long periods, may have left them at places of call, even in remote oceans, during the long periods in which buccaneering flourished. The Galapagos tortoise is now known to naturalists as the *Testudo Indicus*. But in the days of the Elizabethan discoverers, before the establishment of the "buccaneers," it was stated that the Spaniards held that "there were no other such tortoises in those seas except on the Galapagos."

This view, that in island groups the "creative force" may be traced in its origin, gains much color from Mr. Darwin's discovery of an astonishing number of new species of birds and flowers on these islands, lying remote under the Equator at a distance of eight hundred miles from the mainland of South America. But it is also an argument in favor of the view that the giant tortoises of the Seychelles and Aldabra are also instances of separate and peculiar forms generated on specific and limited areas of earth, and developed and surviving under conditions of food and climate not precisely like those in any other place. But even so they are a curious anomaly. In most islands the tendency of animal life is to fall below rather than to rise above the normal size. But there are instances to the contrary even in the Mauritius, Bourbon, and Rodriguez, near the home of the Aldabra giant tortoises. Not to mention the roc of Madagascar, the dodo was the largest of all pigeons, and survived in considerable numbers after Mascarenhas discovered the islands, and the largest living representative of the family, the crowned pigeon of Nicobar, is also an island species.

The Bishop's Discomfiture.—A London bishop determined to preach to a country congregation the simplest sermon he could write. He took as his text, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." On leaving the church he asked the parish clerk what

he thought of the sermon. "Oh, my lord," said he, "it was very fine—very fine and grand. I've been talking it over with Mr. Beard, and we said how fine it was. But, after all, we can't help thinking that there *is* a God."—*Chambers's Journal*.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

OCTOBER 9, 1897.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From The Atlantic Monthly.
THE FRENCH LANGUAGE A WORK OF ART.

For three or four hundred years back, French writers, and we the public in common with them, have treated our language as a work of art. Let us have a clear understanding of the meaning of this word "art." The Greeks in antiquity, the Italians of the Renaissance, gave an artistic stamp or character to the commonest utensils,—to an earthen jar or a tin plate, an amphora, a ewer. It is a stamp of a similar kind that our writers from the time of Ronsard have tried to give the French language. They have thought that every language, apart from the services it renders in the ordinary usage and every-day intercourse of life, is capable of receiving an artistic form, and this form they have desired to bestow upon our own language. Read with reference to this point the manifesto of the Pléiade, "The Defense and Ennoblement of the French Language," by Joachim du Bellay, which bears the date of 1549, and you will see that such is throughout not merely its general spirit, but its special and particular object. Since then not only have French prose writers and poets had the same ambition, but all their readers, even princes themselves, have encouraged it, have made it almost a question of state; and the consequence is that no literary revolution or transformation has taken place in France which did not begin by being, knowingly and deliberately, a transformation or a modification of the language. This is what Malherbe, after Ronsard and in opposition to him, desired to do; namely, to give to the French language a precision and a clearness of outline, a musical cadence, a harmony of phrase, and finally a fullness of sense and sound, which seemed to him to be still

lacking in the work of Ronsard; and along with Malherbe, by other means, but in a parallel direction, this was likewise the aim of the *précieuses*. The same is true of Boileau, as well as of Molière. It was through language, since it was by the means of style and the criticism of style, as is seen in works like the "Satires" and the "Précieuses Ridicules," that they brought the art of their time back to the imitation of nature. Even in our own days, what was romanticism, what were realism and naturalism, at the start? The answer is always the same: they were theories of style before being doctrines of art; ways of writing before being ways of feeling or thinking; a reform of the language and an emancipation of the vocabulary, the striving after a greater flexibility of syntax, before it was known what use would be made of these conquests.

There is, then, in French, in the method of handling the language, a continuous artistic tradition. By very different and sometimes even opposing means, our writers have desired to please, in the best sense of the word,—to please themselves first of all, to please the public, to please foreigners; to make of their language a universal language, analogous in a fashion to the language of music, to that of sounds or colors; and as the crowning triumph to make of a page of Bossuet or Racine, for instance, a monument of art, for qualities of the same order as a statue of Michael Angelo or a painting of Raphael.

From our great writers, and the cultivated and intelligent readers who are their natural judges, this concern for art has spread to the whole race, if indeed it were not truer to say that it was a matter of instinct. Who is not familiar with the phrase, "*Deus res . . . gens*

Gallica industriosissime persequitur: rem militarem et argute loqui"? "Argute loqui,"—this is to be artistic in one's speech, and this everybody has been and tries to be among us; and nowhere, surely, possibly not even in Greece, in the Athenian cafés, would you come across more "elegant talkers" (*beaux parleurs*) than in France: they are to be met with in the villages; they are to be found in the workshops. Some of them, I am well aware, are insufferable withal, as for example the druggist Homais in "Madame Bovary," and again the illustrious Gaudissart in the "Comédie Humaine" of Honoré de Balzac. But what medal is without its reverse? If we have so many "elegant talkers," it is because, in our whole system of public education, and even in our primary schools, this concern for art prevails. The fact is worthy of remark. What our little children learn in the schools under the name of orthography—the word itself, when connected with its etymology, expresses the idea clearly enough—is to see in their language a work of art, since it is to recognize and enjoy what is well written. It is not possible, indeed, to fix in the memory the outer form of a word, its appearance, its physiognomy, so as not to confuse it with any other word, without its exact meaning being also stamped in the mind.

In this respect, the oddities, or, as we sometimes call them, the "Chinese puzzles" (*chinoiseries*) of orthography help to preserve shades of thought. The same may be said of the peculiarities of syntax. You will not teach children that Goliath was a tall man (*un homme grand*), and David a great man (*un grand homme*), without teaching them at the same time a number of ideas that are epitomized in these two ways of placing the adjective. You will not explain to little Walloons or to little Picards that a *bonnet blanc* is a white cap, and that a *blanc bonnet* is a woman, in their patois, without their deriving some profit even from this pastime or playing on words. Need I speak of the rules of our participles,—those participles which, as the vaudeville says, are al-

ways getting one into a muddle,¹ so much apparent fancifulness and caprice there is in their agreements; and is it necessary for me to show that the most delicate analysis of the relations of ideas is implied in these very rules? The whole question here is not whether our farmers or our workmen have need of all this knowledge, whether it would not be more profitable for them to learn other things, and whether they might not give less time to picking up the peculiarities of orthography or the exceptions of French grammar. I am not passing judgment; I am simply taking cognizance of the facts, and trying to arrive at an explanation. Whatever qualities, then, are to be peculiarly admired in French, we may say without hesitation, are due less to the language itself, to its original nature, than to the intensive cultivation which it has always received at every step of our educational system, and which, for my part, I hope it may long continue to receive.

From "The French Mastery of Style." By F. Brunetière.

¹ Ces participes avec lesquels, comme dit le vaudeville, on ne sait jamais quel parti prendre.

From The Cosmopolitan.

SCALING A NORWEGIAN GLACIER.

Neither my companion nor myself had thought of scaling the Suppehelle, but as we stood contemplating it with aching eyes, it looked so temptingly accessible that we concluded, merely as an experiment and in order to be able to boast of our feat, to make a tentative ascent. We accordingly climbed the wall of moraine, making our way first over a wilderness of gigantic boulders, and at last gleefully set foot upon the glacier. The air was filled with the music of a thousand tiny cataracts—tinkling rills, which came rippling over the edges of the ice-blocks, or traced their erratic blue channels through diminutive cañons between the steep ridges. There was something very fascinating in the novelty of our situation, and we fancied we could

safely disregard the guide-book's advice, which warned us against the treachery which the glacier hides under its placid countenance. There was a ridge above us which was particularly inviting for the view it promised. Without much deliberation we began to climb, and in ten minutes had reached the coveted eminence. But much to our disappointment there was another ridge, slightly taller, which still intercepted our view, and at the instigation of the young lady I began a laborious ascent, being every moment in danger of taking a header into some abysmal blue gulf which opened its cool depth to receive me. Every time I had gained a tolerably secure foothold I dragged, by means of an Alpine stick, my companion after me; and as a fresh expanse of the great mer de glace spread out before us, we cried out with delight and felt amply rewarded for our exertions. We were now fired with a foolhardy zeal which took slight account of dangers and obstacles; in grim silence, with set teeth, we continued our upward progress, faithfully assisting each other, fancying all the time that we were engaged in an heroic enterprise. But all of a sudden, as we were making our way across a slight depression in the ice, which did not look in the least perilous, a loud resonant report, sounding like an irregular salvo of musketry, exploded under our feet, and we had a sensation as if the glacier were settling. One of the many huge boulders which lie scattered over its bosom, often in the most insecure positions, came crashing down, but happily not in our path, and went rumbling with a tremendous hollow reverberation down, down, down, into some bottomless chasm. We could now plainly hear the river roaring, and brawling in the deep below, and without consultation we formed a quick resolution to descend with all possible dispatch. We discovered, however, to our dismay, that it was far easier to ascend than to descend. For if once the one or the other lost his footing and started to slide down this slippery declivity, he

would be tolerably sure to end his peregrinations on the bottom of some beautiful sapphire gulf, and probably be preserved in ice, like some rare palæontological beast, for the delectation of future centuries.

I saw myself in fancy, as I contemplated this possibility, imbedded in a huge glacial block, perhaps my charming niece in another, and I saw a crowd of wonder-stricken people of the twenty-fifth century, A.D., gathered on the moraine wall, at the mouth of the cave, staring at these queerly-costumed and singularly crude specimens of the genus homo of a remote antiquity. I saw my features shimmering in a perfect state of preservation through the ice, as the glacier in its downward progress was about to deliver me up; and I anticipated without a shudder a distinguished immortality in alcohol, in some anthropological museum.

I did, indeed, deserve some such fate for having tempted Providence in this reckless fashion. It is a matter of wonder that we managed to accomplish the descent without broken bones or serious accident. It was a long and laborious affair, and made me feel, for the first time in my life, a thrill of sympathy for that heroine of Rider Haggard who is represented, on the fly-leaf of the book in which she figures, suspended by the hair of her head over some awful dizzy precipice. I felt during that memorable descent as if fate were holding me by a very slender lock of my scanty hair over a blue rumbling chasm, and might at any moment take it into its head to drop me.

The penalty which I paid for this ill-considered and hazardous adventure was, however, of a kind which I was far from anticipating. In the evening, after our return to Balestrand, my right eye seemed very much inflamed, and the next day it became so painful that I had to go in search of a physician. He investigated my eye carefully, but advised me to take the next steamer to Bergen and consult an oculist, as it was a case which he would

not trust himself to treat. As he gave this advice with much earnest urgency, I dared not ignore it, and to Bergen I accordingly sailed with my whole tribe on the following day. My left eye was then as much inflamed as the right, and I had to be led about by the German handmaiden like a blind man, with a black bandage over both my eyes. And, alas, the oculist in Bergen, after having told me many uncomplimentary things about the unpardonable folly of scaling a glacier without blue spectacles, shut me up in a dreary hotel room, where I sat for a week in pitch-dark, dripping some horrid stinging stuff into my eyes, and changing the bandages every half hour. And when finally the inflammation subsided, my doctor informed me that I had come within an ace of losing my sight altogether. My plucky companion, whom nature had provided with a more effective pair of eyelashes, happily suffered no penalty as the sharer of my folly. But as I was the elder and presumptively the wiser, it was but fair that I should endure the punishment for both.

From "A Glacier Excursion in Norway." By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

From Scribner's Magazine.

A HOTEL PORTER'S DAY.

I am up at a little before five in the morning. The floors of the office and billiard-room are my first concern; and by the time these are scrubbed it is six o'clock. The *chef* early noticed my willingness to lend a hand in the kitchen, and he rewards me with a liberal supply of hot water every morning, and a cup of coffee and a slice of bread at six o'clock when he takes his own. Fortified in this way, I sweep the verandas and walks, and rake the drives and lawns until breakfast.

There is a curious, horizontal, social cleavage among the "help." I belong to the lower stratum. I first noticed the distinction at our meals. The negro head-waiter, and the pastry-cook, and

the head gardener, and the company of Irish maids, who do double duty as waitresses and house maids, take their meals in the dining-room after the guests are served. The remnants of these two servings are then heaped upon a table in a long, low, dimly lighted room which intervenes between the kitchen and dining-room, and there we of the lowest class help ourselves. Our coterie consists of an English maid, a recent arrival from Liverpool, who serves as a dishwasher, three negro laundresses, two negro stable-boys and myself, with a varying element in two or three hired men, who drop in irregularly from the region of the barns.

Martha, the English maid, is chiefly in charge here, and she bravely tries to serve, and to bring some order out of the chaos; but the task is beyond her. We take places as we find them vacant, and each helps himself from what remains to be eaten of the fragments of the meal just ended. There is always a towering supply, but an abundance of a sort that deadens your appetite, like the blow of a sand-bag.

I reproached myself with fastidiousness at first, and imagined that to the other servants, who shared it, the fare was entirely palatable; and so I was surprised when, at a dinner early in my stay, one of the negro laundresses seized a plate heaped with scraps of meat, from which we had all been helping ourselves, and carried it out with the indignant remark that it was fit only for the dogs, adding, sententiously, as she disappeared through the door: "We are not dogs *yet*; we are supposed to be human." And back to her afternoon's work she went, although she had eaten only a morsel.

These meals were curiously solemn functions; scarcely a word was ever spoken. Martha knew "cumbered about much serving," and very heroically she tried to impart some decent order to the meal, and a cheerfuller tone to the company. I never knew the cause of the sullen unsociability which possessed us, whether it was ill-humor born of the physical weariness from which all the servants seemed constantly to suffer as

a result of the high pressure of work at the height of the season, or the revolting fare which often sent us unrested and unfed from our meals.

It is the vision of supper that will linger clearest in my memory. The long, reeking room seen faintly in the yellow light of one begrimed oil-lamp; the ceiling so low that I can easily reach it with my upstretched hand, and dotted over with innumerable flies. The room is a paradise for flies, which swarm most in our food that lies in ill-assorted heaps down the middle of a rough wooden table. Here we sit in chance order, black and white faces often alternating; the white ones livid in their vivid contrast with the background of the room's deep shadows, and the others ghastly visible in the general blackness from which gleam the whites of eyes. Sometimes the two stable boys find seats together; and then they bid defiance to the general gloom, and are soon bubbling over with musical laughter, that rolls responsive to the least remark from either. It is interesting at such times to watch Martha's face. The nervous energy which is always struggling there against a look of utter weariness shines victorious now, in the light of a new hope that a better cheer has come at last to her table.

From breakfast I hurry back to the work of putting the grounds in order. The walks I sweep every morning, and then rake the drives and the lawns.

From the lawns I go to the kitchen, and offer my services to the *chef*. Usually he has ready for me a basket of potatoes to peel. In a little shed by the kitchen door I sit and peel endlessly. The servants are flocking in and out through the open door in the fetid air. The heat is of the suffocating kind, in which the heavy air lies dead. It is nearing the dinner hour, and every one must work with almost a frenzy of effort. The high tension communicates itself to us all, and we feel the nervous strain upon our tempers. The hundred and one petty annoyances which cause the friction of household service prove too much, and the tension bursts into a furious quarrel between the Irish pas-

try-cook and the negro head-waiter. No one has time to heed them, but his storming oaths and her plaintive, whining key, maintained with provoking tenacity, whatever relief they bring to them, are far from soothing to the rest of us.

The maids are gathered from all parts of the hotel. Most of them have been on duty since six o'clock, and after the morning's work there now awaits them the rush of serving dinner. Want of sufficient sleep and utter physical weariness have drawn deep lines in their faces. Presently one of them, a slender young girl, sinks exhausted into a seat, and we hear her notion of the *summum bonum*: "Oh, I wish I was rich, and could swing all day in a hammock!" I follow the direction of her eyes. Across a wide stretch of lawn and in the shade of some clustered maples I see the gleam of a white dress rocking gently in a hammock, and I catch the flutter of a fan and the light on an open page.

Sometimes I am in the region of the kitchen during the dinner hour itself. As an experience, I fancy that it is not unlike that of being behind the scenes in the course of the play. The kitchen and pantry are ill-ventilated, and are hot to suffocation. About a counter-like partition which separates the two rooms crowd the eager waitresses, rehearsing in shrill tones their orders to the *chef* and his assistant. There is a babel of voices striving to be heard, and a ceaseless clatter of dishes, and a hurrying to and fro. The *chef* is not a bad fellow, but his temper is rarely proof against the harassing annoyances incident upon serving a dinner, and he loses it in a torrent of oaths. The volume of noise increases until the height of dinner is reached and passed, and then it subsides, quite like a thunder-storm.

The afternoon's work keeps me, for the most part, in my own regions. The lamps must first be cleaned and filled, and then the billiard-tables brushed for the evening play, and there may remain unfinished work on the grounds, which claims me until it is time to sweep the verandas again.

When I am out of the office, I must be careful that the doors and the windows are open, and my ears attentive to the bell; for I am porter and bell-boy in one.

A bell-boy is sometimes at a disadvantage. He is not supposed to explain, and circumstances may wrong him.

The bell rings. I run to the indicator, and then climb to the door that bears the corresponding number. A lady asks for a pitcher of ice-water. Unluckily the ice-chest is locked, and the key, I learn, is in the keeping of the head-waiter. After hasty search, I find that official seated on a rock in the shade behind the barn, conversing with some of the hands. He tells me that there is no ice in the chest, and advises my going to the ice-house. I do so, with all possible speed, and am fortunate enough to find a piece of loose ice not far below the surface of saw-dust. Back to the kitchen I run with it, wash it, and chop it into fragments. But all this has taken time; it is very hot and the lady, no doubt, is very thirsty. As I hand her the pitcher of water, her caustic acknowledgment expresses anything but gratitude.

The verandas are no sooner swept for the afternoon than the stage appears from the station. I must be in attendance to relieve the newly arrived guests of their lighter luggage and, with the help of one of the stable-boys, to carry their trunks to their rooms.

The evening's duties are usually the lighting of the lamps at night-fall, and assorting the mail that comes in after supper, and attending the billiard and pool tables, and answering the bell-calls. Saturday afternoons and evenings are varied with industrious preparations for extra guests. This makes added demands upon us all, and the servants dread Sunday as bringing always the severest strain of the week. My own share of extra work is confined to Saturday afternoon and evening, when I put up cots, and carry bed-linen and blankets about, under the orders of the housekeeper, usually until midnight. And when I go to sleep at last it is on the hay in the barn, for my room is

swept and garnished on Saturday and given up to a guest. It is no hardship to sleep on the hay, but, through knowledge gained from the scale of prices posted in the office, I cannot but understand what an admirable business arrangement it is for the proprietor to so utilize my room over Sunday. The added revenue which is thus yielded during my stay amounts to fifteen dollars, and as the total sum of my wages for the three weeks is five dollars and sixty-seven cents, the net returns to the proprietor in service and profit speak well for his management.

From "The Workers: An Experiment in Reality."
III—A Hotel Porter." By Walter A. Wyckoff.

From Harper's Magazine.
GOLF.

It would be interesting to discover what it is that has given this game, after a century of indifferent life, such emphatic popularity in the last few years. It would be satisfactory to learn why a man once a golfer is always a golfer. The explanation of its only moderate success for so many years may probably be found in the fact that the world moved slower and people lived easier and life demanded less of them then than now. And not golf alone, but every other sport has shared in the modern movement. The last ten or fifteen years have witnessed a tremendously increased popularity in all departments of athletic endeavor. As men use their brain once more, there is the greater need of some use of the body. Out-of-door life, exercise, sport, generate the oil that keeps the human machinery moving smoothly; without it the bearings wear out untimely.

Golf has achieved success because it is clean and honorable and healthful; because it takes men out of doors, brings them in touch with nature; because the game is adapted to all conditions and character of man and woman kind; and because a poor player can get as much fun out of it, as much exercise, and as much air and health as an

expert. There is no danger of golf being monopolized by a few skilled performers. Any man, the veriest duffer, can enjoy himself on the links to his heart's content. He may go over the same course a dozen times, and have differing situations to contend with on each round. Once the golfing germ is planted there is no respite. He is a golfer in spite of himself. Its fascinations are manifold, and chief of them is the variety of situations which rise during the course of play. Variety is the spice of golf as it is of life.

You may view it with contempt, as most men did; you may call it the putting of little balls into little holes; but you may be sure, once you have taken up the club and essayed to drive that little ball into those little holes, your peace is undone until you have attained sufficient form to enable you to do it with at least a fair degree of accuracy and some cause for satisfaction. The secret of the game's hold upon man lies in its elusoriness, and his altogether human vanity is not to be appeased short of mastery. And so he tries and fails, and tries again, and keeps on trying until he can drive that ball in the direction and to the distance he wishes it to go.

The experience of one scoffer turned golfer is the experience of nearly all that have succumbed to the game's allurements.

At first you viewed your friend's enthusiasm with disdain barely concealed. One day he persuaded you to go out to the course and see some play, and with an air that suggested a superior intelligence you perhaps stood at the teeing-ground wondering at the seriousness of the man addressing the ball. Possibly you smiled pityingly if its flight was less accurate than you thought it should have been or the player hoped it might be. Perhaps you followed the player over the course, impatient at his repeatedly unsuccessful attempts to drive safely beyond a bunker, or disgusted at his inability to keep the ball out of some trees that lined the distance between a couple of the holes. No doubt you thought him a very poor specimen

of the genus golfer, and became convinced of his stupidity when he reached the putting-green and made several ineffectual attempts to hole his ball. It all seemed so absurdly easy you told your friend you would try a round—just to please him. You accepted his club, and with fitting condescension a few preliminary instructions on how to hold it; with a patronizing swagger you reached the teeing-ground, and with smiling complacency addressed yourself to the ball.

And now your vanity received the greatest shock it had ever been called on to sustain. You swung that club in full determination to drive the ball at least over the bunker about fifty yards away, and were astonished, if you hit it at all, that your supreme effort was rewarded by a puny flight of probably ten or twenty yards, and many yards to the left of where you intended it to go. You made sure it was only a case of "hard luck" on the drive; that you would do better through the green; but the ball responded to your iron as erratically as it had to your driver. You could not understand why it persistently went into the long grass to the right or left, or why you found all the stone walls and ditches throughout the course. And when you finished you were certain something had been all wrong which you could rectify on a second attempt.

So there you are,—a convert, with no rest for you henceforth until you have overcome the obstinacy of that gutta-percha sphere.

You were surprised to find in how many different ways you could hold that club, and in how many different directions you could drive the ball except the one in which you desired it to go. And so surprise follows surprise, and the greatest surprise of all, if you stop to ponder, is that a game which seems so easy should prove so perplexing. Your wrath will wax strong and your soul be torn with vexation, yet will nothing turn you from your now deadly earnest pursuit of the mysterious "something" which you must needs capture to achieve your now dearest wish.

There is no explosion,—the little gutta-percha is unmindful of your most highly colored expletives,—just a fervid, silently registered vow to become the master rather than the mastered.

Time, patience, and careful practice under skilled instruction are the only means to the end of attaining proper form. You will see many extraordinary styles on the course, but beware how you copy the eccentricities of experts, and remember that while genius knows no rule, the chances of success for the ordinary mortal lie along conventional lines. Good driving form is probably the easiest to acquire. It is in approaching the green, in the three-quarter and one-half and wrist shots, where skill and experience count. You will find it easier to attain skill on the putting-green, although, strangely enough, this branch of the play is the most ignored; many games are won and lost on the putting-green.

There has been, and continues to be, much discussion as to the proper manner of the swing, of holding the club, and of the position of the feet, and this paper is not a didactic treatise. The surest way to attain good golfing form is to supplement instruction by the imitation of some golfer who plays in accepted good form. Hard practice will do the rest.

In the old country the caddie is a distinct institution; he is the adviser and the father-confessor, and his suggestions and criticisms are accepted by the player in silent acknowledgment of his office. In this country the caddie as yet is just the ordinary small boy, with no peculiar individualism, unless it be evinced in a supreme indifference to the precise flight of your ball. On the other side, generations of service have schooled him to conceal his contempt for the hapless golfer; on this side he has not attained so high a degree of refinement; more often he is an unreliable guardian and a disconcerting counsellor. But we have no fault to find with him; he comes of a quick-witted race that promises well for the caddies of the days to come. Meanwhile we are adjusting ourselves to the requirements of

this Old World game that has made so complete a conquest of the New World. And if golf has defied tradition and overrun barriers, it has set up the better ideal of wholesome sport healthfully played.

We need not resist the invasion of such a game.

From "The Golfer's Conquest of America." By Caspar Whitney.

From The Review of Reviews.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN AT HOME.

Sir Isaac married for his second wife a Keighley lady of substance, the daughter of Mr. Sugden. She was an excellent woman, a little older than himself. He once expressed to me the opinion that English widowers with children are too apt to marry young women. The marriage of a widower with a family and a girl likely to have a lot of children must be a source of bitterness of heart to all. He thought it for that reason immoral. In France the widower could only give a child's portion to a second wife. That was moral. French widowers generally made reasonable matches and thought more about the welfare of their children than of their own gratification. The second Mrs. Holden was a true North-country woman, true in all respects, unaffected and free from pride. In her old age, when I knew her, she was an active and efficient housekeeper and very hospitable. Her carriages were used to drive out poor Methodists. Her Keighley neighbors loved her. So did Sir Isaac, who, I think, was never reconciled to losing her. She died at the age of eighty-six. He often said with a sigh: "Had she only followed strictly my dietetic rules, she would be still alive. I always told her she would, through her carelessness in choosing her food, die before her time!" He was offered a baronetcy in her lifetime. She showed so little relish for the title of lady that he declined it. After her death the offer

was renewed and he accepted it, but entirely for the sake of his family.

Mrs. Holden inheriting moorland property and a small house on it above Kelghley, she and her husband went to live there. The habitation was a roadside stone house with a central passage, between a dining-room and parlor, a return building, and four upstairs rooms. It was drafty and uncomfortable, but Mrs. Holden was attached to it. Sir Isaac, who would not for the world have thwarted her, almost tricked her into letting Oakworth House be built on the same site. He had to take the architect into his confidence and begin by first pulling down one bit, then finding the wall was rotten, and continuing to demolish until a whole room was down. She was then persuaded that the whole house must follow. But she insisted on the site not being changed. Sir Isaac consented. When his magnificent but not pretentious residence was built, he obtained leave from the corporation to remove the road to some distance from his hall door. This he did at his own expense; the new road being on a gentler grade was a benefit.

The original estimate of Oakworth House was £5,000. But to make it a spacious healthery, it was brought up to £80,000 and £120,000 for a winter garden, where Mrs. Holden could exercise in bad weather. All the basement story was devoted to hot and cold air pipes. Sir Isaac would never, if he could help it, let a servant work in a basement. There were two great square towers—blast-furnaces—connected with the pipes, and a system of such perfect ventilation established that all the air in the house was changed every fifteen minutes. One arose so refreshed from one's bed in the morning and so fit for the work of the day. Sir Isaac was fond of heat and thought it wholesome. The temperature of each room could be raised or lowered at will. There were twenty-eight bedrooms, but they were not nearly enough, as he had fifty descendants on the fiftieth anniversary of his

first wife's death. I saw a family gathering of all the partners, the sons, daughters, and grandchildren, numbering in all twenty-five. They seemed to dine in state in a magnificent dining-room, though not *showy*. I never saw such a display of fruit on any table. It all came from the forcing houses and kitchen gardens. Apart from the winter garden—a quarter of an acre in extent—there were four acres under glass.

The winter garden was on a level with the noble library, billiard-room, dining-room, and drawing-room. A moorland brook flowed through it, spreading into broads. The floor was made by Italian workmen; the rest by French. A natural rock was, instead of being blasted away, turned to decorative purpose. Every Saturday this winter garden was open to trippers; the grounds used to be thrown wide. But the uneducated Anglo-Saxon is destructive. He is rough and rampageous on an outing. Sir Isaac was persuaded that no West Riding neighbor would trample down turf and tear down young pine woods. He therefore, while excluding the general public, gave a key to every decently conducted neighbor. All such had the use of seven miles of well-drained walks among pine woods.

Sir Isaac was always keen in the pursuit of knowledge. When at St. Denis he found time to attend scientific lectures at the Sorbonne. It was there he heard Flourens lecture on physiology and the means to insure health and long life. He had already learned a good deal of what Flourens taught in Wesley's "Natural Philosophy"—a book lent him at Johnstone by a Methodist minister—a well-regulated mind and desires, the sparing use, when old, of food containing phosphates of lime, such as bread, and of meat, unless one had to do heavy muscular work. Game, beef, and mutton were hardly to be eaten. When one took fish one should abstain from fowl. Strong emotions should be avoided and the philosophical faculties cultivated. Reli-

glon, when it cheered and inspired good hopes, was a sweetener of old age and prolonged life. The experience of the old was most valuable. Nature, by diminishing their material needs, relieved the young from the temptation of wishing them dead. Sir Isaac found in the course of his scientific studies that there was solar potentiality in ripe fruit. In sucking a ripe orange, grape, peach, apricot, or in eating a tomato or a slice of melon, one assimilated the strength conveyed to these fruits by sunbeams. He often sucked an orange. It was his favorite fruit, and he did not see why oranges might not become as cheap as potatoes. If they were, what a good time it would be for the aged poor, whose capillary arteries are silted like a "furred" boiler from eating too much bread! Bread is the staff of life for growing human beings and prospective or nursing mothers, but poison for the elderly.

I have spoken of Sir Isaac's personal attendant being with him twenty-three years. The coachman was thirty-six and the table attendant twenty-one years in his service. The first chambermaid had almost grown old in the house, which was a patriarchal establishment. Every one in Sir Isaac and Mrs. Holden's employment was treated with kind consideration.

Sir Isaac looked forward, though not in his time, to profound industrial changes in the world, and perhaps transfers of industrial strength from the British empire to other parts of the world. The manufacturing supremacy was gone and never to come back again. The aristocracy, particularly after the Revolution, kept England and Ireland too in the condition of the image that Nebuchadnezzar dreamed of. The feet were miry clay. The poor of most other nations were more intellectual. Sir Isaac made an exception in favor of the poor who took early to Methodism. They learned to speak, and often with eloquence, at class-meetings and as local preachers.

From "Sir Isaac Holden." By Mrs. Emily Crawford.

From The Century.

A LETTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

"Choisy, 12th July.

"Madame My Very Dear Mother:—I cannot express how much I am effected by your Majesty's kindness, and I protest that I have not yet received one of your dear letters without tears of regret filling my eyes at being parted from such a kind and tender mother; and although I am very happy here, I should earnestly wish to return to see my dear, very dear family, if only for a short time. . . .

"We have been here since yesterday, and from one o'clock in the afternoon, when we dine, till one in the morning, we cannot return to our own apartments, which is very disagreeable to me. After dinner we have cards till six o'clock; then we go to the play till half past nine; then supper; then cards again till one o'clock, sometimes even half past one; only yesterday the king, seeing that I was tired out, kindly dismissed me at eleven, to my very great satisfaction, and I slept very well till half past ten.

"Your Majesty is very kind to show so much interest in me, even to the extent of wishing for an account of how I spend my time habitually. I will say, therefore, that I rise at ten o'clock, or nine, or half past nine, and after dressing I say my prayers; then I breakfast, after which I go to my aunts', where I usually meet the king. This lasts till half past ten. At eleven I go to have my hair dressed. At noon the 'Chambre' is called, and any one of sufficient rank may come in. I put on my rouge and wash my hands before everybody; then the gentlemen go out; the ladies stay, and I dress before them. At twelve is mass; when the king is at Versailles I go to mass with him and my husband and my aunts; if he is not there I go with monsieur the dauphin, but always at the same hour. After mass we dine together before everybody, but it is over by half past one, as we both eat quickly. I then go to monsieur the dauphin; if he is busy I return to my own apartments, where I read, I write, or I work: for I am embroidering a vest

for the king, which does not get on quickly; but I trust that, with God's help, it will be finished in a few years [!]. At three I go to my aunts', where the king usually comes at that time. At four the abbé comes to me; at five the master for the harpsichord, or the singing-master, till six. At half past six I generally go to my aunts' when I do not go out. You must know that my husband almost always comes with me to my aunts'. At seven, card-playing till nine; but when the weather is fine I go out, and then the card-playing takes place in my aunts' apartments instead of mine. At nine, supper; when the king is absent my aunts come to take supper with us; if the king is there, we go to them after supper, and we wait for the king, who comes usually at a quarter before eleven; but I lie on a large sofa and sleep till his arrival; when he is not expected we go to bed at eleven. Such is my day.

"I entreat you, my dear mother, to forgive me if my letter is too long; but my greatest pleasure is to be thus in communication with your Majesty. I ask pardon also for the blotted letter, but I have had to write two days running at my toilet, having no other time at my disposal; and if I do not answer all questions exactly, I trust that your Majesty will make allowances for my having too obediently burned your letter. I must finish this, as I have to dress and to go to the king's mass. I have the honor to be your Majesty's most submissive daughter,

"Marie-Antoinette."

From "Marie Antoinette as Dauphine." By Anna L. Bicknell.

From The Bookman.
A GERMAN CRITIC.

What distinguishes Herman Grimm from all other German scholars of to-day, what gives him his unique position in modern life, is the fact that he is philosopher, art critic, and literary historian in one, that he is an interpreter of the spiritual ideals of mankind, what-

ever form they may have assumed or to whatever age they may belong. He is, among living Germans, the most eminent advocate of æsthetic culture; the principal, if not sole, upholder of the classic tradition of Weimar and Jena; the chosen apostle of that striving for completeness of personality without which all special activity must of necessity fall to reach out into the highest sphere of human aspirations.

When men of marked originality delineate the character of other men, they at the same time bring before us their own features. Herman Grimm's writings, therefore, although they are almost wholly devoted to the study of the works and lives of other writers and artists, at the same time give us a remarkably striking picture of himself. And it would be difficult to state more truthfully and simply the very essence of his individuality than by repeating what he has said of two men whose intellectual kinship with his own nature he has often acknowledged: Ralph Waldo Emerson and Ernst Curtius. This is his characterization of the American thinker:—

Emerson nowhere lays down a system. It seems as though he were simply acting under the impulse of the moment to speak out what happens to be uppermost in his mind. But if one takes together all that he has thus said in the course of a long life, the numerous individual parts are seen to group themselves into a well rounded, harmonious whole. He is imbued with a wonderful divination of the relationship of all moral phenomena. From the very first he feels what place belongs to each. Confusion becomes order before his glance. He expresses himself without any special exertion. Effortless and gently, as Nature herself seems to work even where the most terrible happens, his sentences chain themselves to each other, link by link. He never is out of breath; step by step he leads us from one thought to another. Always he simply speaks his mind, and utterances which at first seem strange soon come to sound natural and necessary, if one confidently tries to enter into their meaning.

And these are the words which less than a year ago the death of his friend Ernst Curtius wrung from his lips:—

Curtius had something inward in his manner. In speaking with him, you often remained so long without an answer that you might think he had not heard you or not even listened. Then, as if awakening, he would give the answer. In general, there was something silent in him, and yet he found the greatest enjoyment and recreation in conversing and talking. He had seen and experienced much, and he spoke of it as though he were gathering old recollections for himself. He gladly pointed things out and explained, and always in a tone as though it was self-evident that his opinion was the only true one, that his insight was the higher one. There was something festal in his words and his bearing. He walked quick and free and joyful, as though encompassed by great thoughts. If one spoke to him on the street, he would seem surprised, and at his friends even he would look as though he recognized them only just now and were just seeing them again after a long separation. The youthfulness of his nature was indestructible. Even in his last days he walked about like one of the Olympians who know nothing of death.

Here we have both the intellectual and the emotional side of Herman Grimm's own character clearly brought before us. Like Emerson, he disdains to bind himself to a strict philosophical system; he never attempts to formulate a general law of artistic or literary development; and yet, in analyzing and interpreting the great works of the world's literature and art, he always makes us feel that they are necessary manifestations of a deep, mysterious force which regulates all human life. Like Curtius, he is essentially a lyric nature; what appeals to him in a statue or a poem is the inner vision rather than the outward form; what attracts him in an artist or a poet is what they have to say rather than how they say it. Like both Emerson and Curtius, he feels truly at home only in the calm world of ideas. With the present age and its noisy, breathless activity he has little in common. He longs away from what he has called "the deep, inward unrest of the moderns, which, at its climax to-day, drives us to despair."

From "Living Continental Critics. V. Herman Grimm." By Kuno Francke.

TWO SONNETS.

THE PINES AT INTERVALS.

Warming to the red sunset's splendor
bright,
Their sombreness departs, and they renew
The beauty of the day; thin rays steal
through
The jealous branches that crowd out the
light,
And paint the frowning trunks, as Fancy
might,
With dabs of lustre; shining needles strew
The moss-like cloth-of-gold; and, turned
half-blue,
The dark boughs tower aloft to say, Good-
night.
Day is prolonged, while on the winding
road
The pleasers are idling; held in check,
The shadows wait within their dark abode
Until the fading sun shall cease to fleck
The leaves with gold; then issuing rudely
forth,
They bring the chilling night-wind from
the north.

Frank Roe Batchelder, in the New England Magazine.

MOTHER EARTH.

Grateful it is on the warm earth to lie
While purple shadows o'er the far hills
pass,
Watching the light-shod wind bear down
the grass,
Watching the clouds—the pilgrims of the
sky.
The breath comes sweet from fields of
melilot,
And now the soul of Siegfried's magic
note
Rings full and clear from a wood-
thrush's throat,
And life's sad streas and hurden are
forgot.
O, mother, genesitic mother! When
I shall have lived my little human space
So take me to your nourice lap again
And spread your homely apron o'er my
face.
As sleep, not dying, to my thought it
seems,
With dreamless waking in the dream of
dreams.

Marguerite Merington, in the October Scribner's.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE OTHER NAPOLEON.

(M. Leon Lecestre has edited and the publishing house of Plon, Paris, has published two volumes of hitherto inedited letters of Napoleon First. These letters were, for obvious reasons, omitted by the Commission which prepared Napoleon's correspondence for publication, during the reign of Napoleon III. They throw an interesting light on certain aspects of Napoleon's character. The following are selections.)

NAPOLEON TO HIS BROTHERS.

TO LOUIS NAPOLEON, KING OF HOLLAND.

Osterode, March 30, 1807.

I learn news which I refuse to believe, it seems to me so extraordinary. They assure me that you have, in your States, re-established the nobility in its titles and privileges. How can it be possible that you have had so little discretion as not to feel that nothing was more fatal to you, to your people, to France, and to me? A French prince, how could you violate your oath, which is to maintain equality among your people? I refuse, then, to give credence to the news. You renounce, then, the throne of France; for a perjurer who would strip the nation of that which fifteen years of combats, of sweat and struggle have gained for it, would be unworthy to seat himself upon it. I have the right to complain particularly about you, for you have been a long time doing just the contrary of what I counsel. For that matter, my ambassador has orders to declare to you explicitly that if you do not go back on this measure he is ordered to quit Holland—and I break with you. You are an ungrateful brother, and the counsellors who have subjugated you to this degree are very criminal. I have also to make known to you categorically, since good counsels have no influence over you, that I do not wish Frenchmen to wear your order. So you may dispense with offering it to any one. I have asked my ambassador for the document of the re-

establishment of the nobility, and, if this measure is not recalled, I shall look on you as my inveterate enemy. But perhaps I am getting too angry. You have, in truth, lost your head. Expect everything if you do not go back on such a measure. You will no longer be either a French citizen or a prince of my blood. How is it you are not clear-sighted enough to see that, if you are on the throne of Holland as the most noble, then you would be only the last of all? Was it this I had the right to expect of you? So, then one would have to be an enemy of France, and have sold your ships to the English, to have a title. They go seeking for the charters of the country's dukes. How is it they have not made you understand that you are losing the love of the inhabitants of Amsterdam and of the rest of the Dutch? For, if a nobility is supportable in a military country, it is unendurable in a country of merchants. I have more esteem for the least shopkeeper of Amsterdam than for the first noble of Holland.

TO THE SAME.

Bayonne, May 6, 1808.

I read in the Paris newspapers that you are naming princes. I entreat you urgently to do nothing of the sort. Kings have not the right to name princes; this right is inherent in the imperial dignity. You can, when you come to institute a nobility, make counts, barons, marquises or dukes, although I think all that very useless in Holland, if these titles did not exist formerly, but you cannot create a prince. You would disoblige me beyond measure if you should do it, and you know that by every kind of reason I have the right to exact this. My institutions are not made to be turned into ridicule. For myself, I have not created a prince without giving him a principality. The Prince de Ponte Corvo (Bernadotte) has an independent principality; the Prince de Neuchâtel, the Prince de Benevento have independent principalities; Cambacères,

Lebrun are princes as being great dignitaries of the Empire, but the great dignitaries of a simple royal crown are not princes. In Italy, whose population is three times that of Holland, I have not named princes, I have named high dignitaries who have only the rank of simple dignitaries. If you persist in your idea, I shall publicly disavow these monstrous innovations. And besides, what has Admiral de Winter done to merit such high distinction, even if you could confer it? You have created marshals who have not done as much as my brigade generals. For God's sake, don't make yourself too ridiculous!

TO THE SAME.

Lille, May 23, 1810.

At the very time you are making the finest protestations to me, I learn that the persons attached to my ambassador have been maltreated. My intention is that those who have acted so culpably toward me should be given up to me, so that the justice I shall mete out to them may serve as an example. M. Serurier has given me an account of the manner in which you behaved at the diplomatic audience. The result is that I no longer wish for an ambassador from Holland; Admiral Verhuell, who is in Paris, has orders to leave within twenty-four hours. Fine words and protestations are no longer what I must have; it is time I should know if you wish to be the undoing of Holland, and, by your folly, cause the ruin of that country. I do not wish you to send a minister to Austria. I do not wish you to send away the Frenchmen who are in your service. I will no longer have an ambassador in Holland. The secretary of legation, who will remain there, will communicate my intentions to you. I no longer wish to expose an ambassador to like insults; I shall henceforth have only a chargé d'affaires. As it is the ambassador of Russia whose master has placed you on the throne, it is only natural that you should follow his counsels. Write me no more of your ordinary phrases; for three years you

have been repeating them to me, and every instant proves their falsehood.

P. S. (autograph)—This is the last letter of my life I shall write you.

TO JEROME NAPOLEON, KING OF WEST-PHALIA.

Paris, March 6, 1808.

I have read the letter that you wrote at Beugnot. It seems to me that I have said you could keep Beugnot and Siméon as long as you needed them; but the idea of making them swear allegiance is absurd. . . . I have seen few men with as little judgment as you. You know nothing and you follow your own bent; with you, nothing is decided by reason, but everything by impetuosity and passion. I desire to have with you only necessary correspondence on matters that affect foreign relations, for they will cause you to make mistakes and show your stupidity to the eyes of Europe, which I am not in the humor to permit. . . . You would oblige me, if, in undertaking what you do not understand, you would show less ostentation and pomp. Nothing could be more ridiculous than your audience to the Jews, or worse than your piece of foolishness in the *Moniteur*. . . .

P. S. My dear, I love you; but you are so horribly young!

TO THE SAME.

Schoenbrunn, July 17, 1809.

I have seen one of your military orders that makes you the laughing-stock of Germany, Austria and France. Have you no friend in the neighborhood to speak a few plain truths to you? You are a king and brother of the emperor; qualities that are ridiculous so far as war is concerned. You must be a soldier, first, last, and all the time; you must have neither ministers nor diplomatic body nor pomp; you must bivouac with your vanguard, be on horseback night and day, march with the front ranks to have the first news or else remain in your harem.

You wage war like a satrap. Good God, did you learn it from me? From me who, with an army of two hundred thousand men, am at the head of my

sharpshooters, not even permitting Champagne to follow me, and leaving him at Munich or Vienna?

Stop making yourself ridiculous; send back the diplomatic corps to Casel; be without baggage, without suite; have no table but your own. Make war like a young soldier who wants glory and reputation, and strive to deserve the rank you have reached, the esteem of France and Europe which are watching you, and—*pardieu!*—have sense enough to write and speak properly!

TO JOSEPH NAPOLEON, KING OF NAPLES.

Milan, December 20, 1807.

I have seen Lucien at Mantua. I have talked with him for several hours. Doubtless he will have informed you of the disposition in which he went away. His thoughts and his language are so different from mine that I have trouble in grasping what he wished . . . I ought to say to you that I am ready to restore to him his rights as a French prince, and to recognize all his daughters as my nieces; but he must begin by annulling his marriage with Mme. Jouberton, either by a divorce or in any other way. (Lucien remained faithful to this lady, who was his second wife, and the mother of Prince Charles, from whom descend Cardinal Bonaparte, Prince Roland and the others whose princely titles were recognized by Napoleon III.)

Once the divorce has been carried through with Mme. Jouberton, as he will have a great title in Naples or elsewhere, if Lucien wishes to have her (provided it is not in France), and to live with her (but not as with a princess who would be his wife), and in any intimacy he chooses, I shall be no hindrance in his way; for it is only the politics of the case that interest me. When that is taken care of I will not oppose his tastes and passions.

TO THE SAME.

Philippeville, June 19, 1815:

All is not lost. I suppose that I shall still have one hundred and fifty thousand men. . . . I will summon one hundred thousand conscripts, arm them with

the guns of the royalists and the bad national guards; I will raise Dauphiné, Lyonnais, Burgundy, Lorraine, Champagne; but I must be aided. . . . I am going to Laon. I have not heard from Grouchy.

CONCERNING JEROME'S MARRIAGE.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Château de Stupinigi, April 22, 1805.

M. Jerome Bonaparte has arrived at Lisbon with the woman with whom he lives. I have given orders to this prodigal son to go to Milan; I have informed him that if he turns aside on the way he will be arrested. Miss Patterson, who lives with him, had the precaution to take her brother along with her. I have given orders that she should be sent back to America. I shall treat this young man severely if, in the single interview I grant him, he shows himself unworthy of the name he bears and persists in carrying on his liaison. If he is not disposed to wash out the dishonor he has imprinted on my name by abandoning his flag and standard for a wretched woman I shall abandon him forever, and perhaps I shall make an example of him, to teach young officers how sacred their duties are, and the enormity of the crime they commit when they abandon their flag for a woman. In the belief that he will go to Milan, write to him. Tell him that I have been a father to him, that his duty toward me is sacred, and that his only safety is in obeying my orders. Tell his sisters also to write to him; for, when I have pronounced his sentence, I shall be inflexible.

TO M. DE CHAMPIGNY, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Burgos, November 18, 1808.

I have read Miss Patterson's letter. Reply to Turreau to inform her that I shall receive her child with pleasure, and that I will charge myself with it, if she will send it to France; that, as to herself, whatever she wishes will be granted her; that she can count on my esteem and on my desire to be agreeable to her; that when I refused to recognize her, I was led to it by high political considerations; that, apart

from that, I am resolved to secure to her son the destiny she may desire. However, this affair must be treated slowly and secretly.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

The really curious thing is, not that we should have been found in a general way unsatisfactory, which was to be expected, but that we should be held to blame for such widely divergent desires. Take for example the indifference of women to intellectual pursuits, which has earned for them centuries of masculine contempt; and their thirst for intellectual pursuits, which has earned for them centuries of masculine disapprobation. On the one hand, we have some of the most delightful writers England has known, calmly reminding them that sewing is their one legitimate occupation. "Now for women," says dear old Robert Burton, "instead of laborious studies, they have curious needlework, cutwork, spinning, bone-lace, and many pretty devices of their own making with which to adorn their houses." Addison, a hundred years later, does not seem to have advanced one step beyond this eminently conservative attitude. He wishes with all his heart that women would apply themselves more to embroidery and less to rhyme, a wish which was heartily echoed by Edward Fitzgerald, who carried unimpaired to the nineteenth century these sound and orthodox principles. Addison would rather listen to his fair friends discussing the merits of red and blue embroidery silks than the merits of Whigs and Tories. He would rather see them work the whole of the battle of Blenheim into their tapestry frames than hear their opinions once about the Duke of Marlborough. He waxes eloquent and even vindictive—for so mild a man—over the neglect of needlework amid more stirring avocations. "It grieves my heart," he says, speaking in the character of an indignant letter-writer to the *Spectator*, "to see a couple of proud,

idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon"—and doubtless discussing politics with heat—"in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmothers."

It has been observed before this that it is always the great-grandmothers in whom is embodied the last meritoriousness of the sex; always the great-grandmothers for whom is cherished this pensive masculine regard. And it may perhaps be worth while to note that these "proud, idle flirts" of Addison's day have now become *our* virtuous great-grandmothers, and occupy the same shadowy pedestal of industrious domesticity. I have little doubt that *their* great-grandmothers, who worked—or did not work—the tapestries upon the Addisonian walls, were in their day the subject of many pointed reproaches, and bidden to look backward on the departed virtues of still remoter generations. And, by the same token, it is encouraging to think that, in the years to come, we too shall figure as lost examples of distinctly feminine traits; we too shall be praised for our sewing and our silence, our lack of learning and our "stay-at-home-iveness," that quality which Peacock declared to be the finest and rarest attribute of the sex. What a pleasure for the new woman of to-day, who finds herself vilified beyond her modest deserts, to reflect that she is destined to shine as the revered and faultless great-grandmother of the future.

To return, however, to the contrasting nature of the complaints lodged against her in her more fallible character of great-granddaughter. Hazlitt, who was by no means indifferent to women nor to their regard, clearly and angrily asserted that intellectual attainments in a man were no recommendation to the female heart,—they merely puzzled and annoyed. "If scholars talk to women of what they can understand," he says, "their hearers are none the wiser; if they talk of other things, they only prove themselves fools." Mr. Walter Bagehot was quite of Hazlitt's opinion, save that his serener disposition remained unvexed by a state of affairs

which seemed to him natural and right. He thought it, on the whole, a wise ordinance of nature that women should look askance upon all intellectual superiority, and that genius should simply "put them out."—"It is so strange. It does not come into the room as usual. It says such unpleasant things. Once it forgot to brush its hair." The well-balanced feminine mind, he insisted, prefers ordinary tastes, settled manners, customary conversation, defined and practical pursuits.

But are women so comfortably and happily indifferent to genius? Some have loved it to their own destruction, feeding it as oil feeds flame; and other some have fluttered about the light, singeing themselves to no great purpose, as pathetically in the way as the doomed moth. At the same time that Hazlitt accused the whole sex of this impatient disregard for inspiration, Keats found it only too devoted at the shrine. "I have met with women," he says with frank contempt, "who I really think would like to be wedded to a poem, and given away by a novel." At the same time that Mr. Pater said coldly that there were duties to the intellect which women but seldom understood, Sir Francis Doyle protested with humorous indignation against the frenzy for female education which filled his lecture-room with petticoats, and threatened to turn the universities of England into glorified girls' schools. At the same time that Froude was writing, with the enviable self-confidence which was his blessed birthright, that it is the part of man to act and labor, while women are merely bound by "the negative obedience to prohibitory precepts;" or, in other words, that there is nothing in the world which they ought to do, but plenty which they ought to refrain from doing, Stevenson was insisting with all the vehemence of youth that it is precisely this contentment with prohibitory precepts, this deadening passivity of the female heart, which "narrows and damps the spirits of generous men," so that in marriage a man becomes slack and selfish, "and undergoes a fatty degen-

eration of his moral being." Which is precisely the lesson thundered at us very unpleasantly by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in "The Gadsbys."

You may carve it on his tombstone, you may cut it on his card,
That a young man married is a young man marred.

Now I wonder if the peasant and his donkey were in harder straits than the poor woman, who has stepped down the centuries under this disheartening, because inevitable condemnation. Always either too new or too old, too intelligent or too stupid, too restless after what concerns her not, or too passively content with narrow aims and outlooks, she is sure to be in the wrong whether she mounts her ass or leads him. Has the satire now directed against the higher education of women—a tiresome phrase reiterated for the most part without meaning—any flavor of novelty, save for those who know no satirists older than the contributors to *Punch and Life*? It is just as new as the new woman who provokes it, just as familiar in the annals of society. Take as a modern specimen that pleasant verse from Owen Seaman's "Horace at Cambridge," which describes gracefully and with good temper the rush of young English women to the University Extension lectures.

Pencil in pouch, and syllabus in hand,
Hugging selected poets of the land,
Keats, Shelley, Coleridge,—all but Thomas Hood
And Byron (more's the pity!),
They caught the local color where they could;
And members of the feminine committee
To native grace an added charm would bring
Of light blue ribbons,—not of abstinence,
But bearing just this sense—
Inquire within on any mortal thing.

This is charming, both in form and spirit, and I wish Sir Francis Doyle had lived to read it. But the same spirit and an even better form may be found in Pope's familiar lines which mock—kindly as yet, and in a friendly fashion—at the vaunted scholarship of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In beauty and wit
 No mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dared;
 But men of discerning
 Have thought that, in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.

Even the little jibes and jeers which *Punch* and *Life* have flung so liberally at girl graduates, and over-educated young women, have their counterparts in the pages of the *Spectator*, when Molly and Kitty are so busy discussing atmospheric pressure that they forget the proper ingredients for a sack posset; and when they assure their uncle, who is suffering sorely from gout, that pleasure and pain are imaginary distinctions, and that if he would only fix his mind upon this great truth he would no longer feel the twitches. When we consider that this letter to the *Spectator* was written over a hundred and eighty years ago, we must acknowledge that young England of 1711 is closely allied with young England and with young America of 1897, both of whom are ever ready to assure us that we are not, as we had ignorantly supposed ourselves to be, in pain, but only "in error." And it is even possible that old England and old America of 1897, though separated by nearly two centuries from old England of 1711, remain, when gouty, in the same darkened frame of mind, and are equally unable to grasp the joyous truths held out to them so alluringly by youth.

Is there, then, anything new? The jests of all journalism, English, French, and American, anent the mannishness of the modern woman's dress? Surely, in these days of bicycles and outdoor sports, this at least is a fresh satiric development. But a hundred and seventy-five years ago just such a piece of banter was levelled at the head of the then new and mannish woman, who, riding through the country, asks a tenant of Sir Roger de Coverley if the house near at hand be Coverley Hall. The rustic, with his eyes fixed on the cocked hat, periwig, and laced riding-coat of his questioner, answers confidently, "Yes, sir." "And is Sir Roger a married man?" queries the well-

pleased dame. But by this time the bumpkin's gaze has travelled slowly downwards, and he sees with dismay that this strange apparition finishes, mermaid-fashion, in a riding-skirt. Horrified at his mistake, he falters out, "No, madam," and takes refuge from embarrassment in flight. Turn the horse into a wheel, the long skirt into a short one, or into no skirt at all, and we have here all the material needed for the ever-recurring joke presented to us so monotonously to-day.

From "*Varia*," By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.

A TRAGEDY OF THE PLAINS.

The life of the cowboy in the early days of the West was a series of pictures of unusual and striking themes. The panorama of the plains dealt with no small things for subjects, not the turn of a gown nor the poise of a fan nor the cast of a gesture, but with things of gravity and import. The wars of man with brute, of brute with Nature, of man with brute and Nature both, such were the topics of that vivid canvas. It was a time of large actions, large pictures.

One can see it now, the great cold landscape of the cattle range in winter. It is a picture of scant lighting and low values. The monochrome of winter, the blue-grey of cold desolation, oppresses it all. The white hills set on the farther edge are cold and bluish. The sky above is forbidding with its sunless grey. The dust-grimed snow in the *coulees* is grey, and the uncovered soil of the wind-swept hill is grey and cheerless. Not a rift of light falls anywhere, not a touch of sun to soften the hard, metallic composition. All the greens were gone long ago. The ragged and clutching hand of a sagebrush reaches up in despair from the uncompromising desert, but it, too, is grey—grey with the withered spirit of the iron earth and icy air. The sky is even in its colors, except that now and then there scuds across it a strange and ominous thing, a wisp of

flying white, misplaced and unregulated. For the air is altogether still. No breath waves the mane of this pony which stands on the little ridge, its head up and its gaze bent fixedly upon the far horizon. There is something strange in the air. It is not so extremely cold, but the silence is so deep, so startling. Back of the very silence there is something, something of portent, of warning. Now and again a long shivering moan goes across the plain, borne from no one knows what origin. The image of dread is stalking forth this day. All animate nature feels it. Whither are going these great grey wolves, slouching along, their tails low, their heads over their shoulders, looking backward at this unseen pursuing thing? They do not trouble the cattle now, nor do the cattle fear them as they pass through. What, then, is it that the cattle dread, so that they sniff and snort and toss their heads, looking wildly toward the north as did this pony now? Written on this inscrutable dull sky there must be some awful sight invisible to human eyes. These wild creatures of the plains see it. They feel the dread. They know their weakness to meet this coming thing. They moan, the note of despair in their voices. They start now and then and run swiftly for a short distance, then turn and come back, pitching their heads high and bellowing. They lower their heads and shake them, and mutter hoarsely, with their muzzles near the ground, emitting their breath in sharp puffs.

Look! The breath of the cattle has grown white. It shines like fresh steam in the air. A moment ago the air was warm. And now that weird white scud flitted again across the sky, across the earth rather, low down, flying like some wraith of the mountains. Back there, upon the horizon where the cattle have looked so long, there arises a tiny cloud of white, soft, fleecy, innocent as the garb of a babe. Alas! It is the shroud of the range. It is the vestment of death for thousands of these creatures here!

It comes, this little cloud, rising and growing and spreading as though it were some vast curtain drawn quickly

up and forward. Before it run long, ragged hissings in the air, and on the edge of these hissings fly always these scuds of the sky, little venomous spirits of fury, as they may now plainly be seen to be. With the mutterings of the gathering cattle, which now crowd together in the blind wish for aid and comfort, there blends the first low voice of the storm, a far-off sighing wail, of cadence at first indicative of anything but malice. This voice rises and then falls and is silent for a moment. It rises again, nearer and changed in import. It dominates the mingled voices of the herd, now crowded together, their feet scuffling, their heads thrown high and confusedly. Again the storm speaks, this time very near, and as it falls a great sigh goes over the breast of Nature, the sigh for that which is to happen. It is the last warning, as useless as the others. The storm has crept on until it is sure of its prey. There is a whirring, rasping crash as the blades of the wind meet and sweep on, and then a wall of icy white smites the shivering beasts as they stand huddled and waiting for that which they know is doom!

On the narrowed horizon, leaning forward as they ride and coming to the herd as fast as their horses can bear them, are two figures, the men of the line camp nearest to this spot. If they can head the cattle into the broken country beyond perhaps they can find shelter enough to stop the drift. If they start straight down before the wind, nothing can stop them till they reach the first fences many miles below. It will be the emptying of the range! Once under the hills before the drift begins, and perhaps there will be shelter enough to enable the cattle to live through the storm. Perhaps they, too, can live through it in some way; they have not paused to ponder how. Well enough they know that anything they do must be done at once. Well enough they know, perhaps, that every human regard for their own safety would take them just the other way, back to the little dugout in the bank which they have left. But at least they will try to save a part of the herd which has formed there. They must be young.

men. Old hands would know that when the blizzard has set in there is no power on earth that can stop the drifting of the cattle.

And now the storm bursts with a blinding, smothering wave of white, fine snow, driven to atoms by the flat wind that hurls it on. This *poudre* of the north cuts like a set of knives revolving on the skin. No man, no creature can face it. The stings of the thousands of whips smite unceasingly, all this under the exhaust of the storm, which steals away the breath so that one must turn down wind to live. The air has grown icy cold at once. All around the world is now blotted out. The eye strikes a continuous dancing, glittering whirl of particles of ice, which confuse and bewilder with their incessant glinting flight. All sense of direction is lost at once. There is but one direction, and that is with the wind. The ground itself is almost gone. The mountains, the hills, the ridges, the *coulees* have all disappeared. Only close at the feet of the horses and cattle can one see a bit of earth, this veiled by the suffusing white breath of the animals, turned into vapor on the instant that it strikes the arctic air.

At first the cattle turn their backs to the wind, and so stand huddled and motionless, the little calves pressing deep into the mass of the shivering creatures and bleating piteously. In a few moments the whole herd is covered with a blanket of white. The two men who are now up with the herd strive to break apart this blanket of white, riding along the edges with bent heads, seeking to open out the cattle so that they can get them moving. It is useless! The white veil shuts down too sternly. The men can no longer breathe. Their eyes are blinded by the stinging riffs of fine ice. They are separated in the storm. A shout is answered by a shout, but though the one ride toward the other as best he may he cannot find him now, for ever the voice calling seems to shift and evade as though the spirits used it mockingly. Crack! crack! comes the note of the six-shooter, but how small, how far away it is! Again and again, and again also

the answer! These two men have not lost their heart. They will yet find each other. They will turn the herd, they two alone, here on the wide, white plain, in this mystery of moving white! But where was the last shot? It sounded half a mile away. It might have been a hundred yards.

There comes a mightier wall of the wind, a more vindictive rush of the powdery snow. All trace of the landscape is now absolutely gone. The cowboy has wheeled his horse, but he knows not now which way he heads. The hills may be this way or that. A strange, numb, confused mental condition comes to him. He crouches down in the saddle, his head drooping, as he raises his arm yet again and fires another shot, almost his last. He dreams he hears an answer, and he calls again hoarsely. The scream of the wind and the rumbling of the voices of the cattle drown out all other sounds. He is in with the herd. His partner is in with it too. But neither he nor they both will ever turn or direct this herd. This he knows with sinking heart. They are lost, all lost together, out here upon the pitiless plains. And there are firesides of which these men may think!

The herd moves! It recks not human guidance, for the storm alone is its final guide and master. The storm orders it to move, and it obeys. With low moans and groanings of suffering and of fear there ensues a waving movement of the long blanket of white which has enshrouded the close-packed mass of cattle. They stagger and stop, doubting and dreading. They go on again and stop, and again they sway and swing forward, the horns rattling close upon each other, the heads drooping, the gait one of misery and despair. The drift has begun!

Lost in the drift are the two boys, and they know they may as well follow as stop. Indeed, they dare not stop, for to stop is to die. Down from their horses they go and battle on foot among the dull-eyed cattle. Over their hearts creeps always that heavy, wondering, helpless feeling. They freeze, but soon cease to know they freeze. Their stiff legs stumble, and they wonder why.

Their mouths are shut fast by the ice. The eyes of the cattle are frozen over entirely by the ice that gathers on their eyelids, and their hair, long and staring, shows in frosty filaments about their heads and necks. Icicles hang upon their jaws. They moan and sigh, now and then a deep rumbling bellow coming from the herd. The cows low sadly. The little calves bawl piteously. But on and on goes the drift, all keeping together for a time. And with it somewhere are the two cowboys, who should have known the import of the blizzard on the plains.

This horrible icy air cannot long be endured by any living being, and soon the herd begins to string out into a long line, the weaker ones falling to the rear. If the cattle be strong and well-fed, they can endure any cold, but starvation has here been long at work. The horrible and inexorable law of Nature is going on. The strongest alone may survive. Those which fall back do not at first stop. They stagger on as far as they can. A little calf falls down, sinking first to its knees, and then dropping stiffly, its head still down the wind. Its mother stays with it, pushing at it with her own frozen muzzle. It cannot get to its feet. The mother looks after the indistinct forms slowly disappearing in the driving mist of white, but goes no farther on. In the spring they will find the mother and calf together. Farther to the south are the bunches of yearlings which were weak and thin of flesh. Then come the heifers and cows and steers as they fell out and back in order in this white cold mist of the great drift that cleared the range from the foothills to the railroad fences. In places the followers of the drift may find gullies or deep ravines packed with carcasses of animals which here met their death. When the wind had swept the *coulees* full of snow the treacherous white surface looked all alike to the dull eyes of the drifting cattle. They walked into the yielding snow and fell one above the other in a horrible confusion, those above trampling to death those beneath until all was mingled in a smother and crush of passing life.

Again there may be noted a spot where, under the lee of some cut bank or bluff, the cattle paused for shelter from the storm. Here the snow piled up about them, drifting high around into an icy barricade, until they had left but a tiny feeding ground, swept bare by the eddying winds. Here, hemmed in and soon without food, they stood and starved by inches, perhaps living for days or weeks before the end came. Here, had rescue been attempted, they would have charged furiously, with such strength as they had left, any human being daring to come near, for the greater the strait of the range animal the greater the unreasoning rage with which it resists all effort at its succor.

And of the men who were caught in the storm? One they found in a *coulee* back toward the beginning of the drift, where he crawled under a little ledge and thought he could weather out the storm. He had no fire nor fuel nor light of any kind, and neither had he any food. He cared nothing for these things. He felt cheerful, and he fell asleep, dreaming. The other man went much farther before he lay down. Then, resourceful to the last, he shot and killed a steer in a little hollow where the wind was least. They found him crouched up close to the body of the animal, his arms between its fore legs and partly about its neck, his face hid in the hair of the creature's chest. But the blood of both had turned to ice before they fell.

In the spring the sky is blue and repentant, and the wind sings softly in the prairie grasses. But one cannot forget that awful picture of the blue-grey time.

From "The Story of the Cowboy." By E. Hough.
D. Appleton & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.

AMBITIONLESS.

"Come over here by me, Jeanne," said Sylvia after a pause. "I am going to call you Jeanne, if you will let me; it is such a pretty name, I like to say it."

"Oh, pray! I shall be charmed!" cried Jeanne, blushing; and she came and sat down beside the lounge.

"Tell me," Sylvia, continued, "did you make the little song I heard you singing this morning?"

"Which one?" asked Jeanne, "this?" She hummed the words and the melody under her breath:—

"Vous désirez savoir de moi
D'où me vient pour vous ma tendresse;
Je vous aime, voici pourquoi:
Vous ressemblez à ma jeunesse."

"That one? Yes, I did the music, but it is Sully Prudhomme again. It is a song that Jacques likes."

"Will you let me see the music of your songs some day?" asked Sylvia.

"See it?" Jeanne repeated. "But there is nothing to see!"

"The notes, I mean. I should like to see how you do it. I have never known any one before who wrote music."

"Oh!" said Jeanne, and she laughed. "But I never write it! I only play it on the piano and sing it as it comes out. How funny that you thought I wrote it!"

"But, child," gasped Enid, laying the fat book face down on her knee, "you must write it! Why, what are you thinking of?"

Jeanne looked bewildered. "It is not necessary," she explained; "Jocelin learns them in a short while as I play, and I know them already. They remain."

"But only think," said Sylvia, "how many other people might hear them and love them, and sing them too, if you would write them down."

"But I do not know how to do that," Jeanne replied, "and it is just as well, after all, for Jocelin does not care to have other people sing his songs."

"Do you mean to tell me that, with all those music-thoughts stirring in your brain, you have lived for nineteen years and never wanted to make people listen to them?" said Enid. "Does not something cry out within you, 'Come, hear me?'"

"I do not know what you mean," said Jeanne, without enthusiasm.

If she had been a stone wall, she could not have proved more stubborn, more inelastic upon encounter; and yet there she sat, poised as lightly as a flower, courteously, uninterestedly expectant. The baby yellowness had never faded from her hair; her eyes were brownest brown, just as they used to be; but she had grown tall, and was made up of long, youthful curves.

Enid, not yet recovered from the shock of the stone wall, stared at this slender, flexible creature. Sylvia, too, had risen on her elbow. All the inherent and trained New Englandism in the two women stood forth amazed, outraged. To their two minds, that, in however widely different ways, were used to hoard and husband every talent jealously,—were used to work their little allotments of appointed or mistaken vocation with never-flagging conscientiousness, harvesting rocks in fortitude and patience year after year,—this light dallying with a great gift was incomprehensible, this irresponsible laziness seemed a crime.

"Don't you know what ambition is?" asked Enid, when she had found her voice.

Jeanne pursed up her lips thoughtfully. She had been thinking of something else, and it was difficult to remember the connection of this question with what had gone before.

"Jacques is ambitious," she replied; "he has told me so."

Enid felt baffled, but she leaned forward and took the girl's hand in her own.

"Look at me. Say this to yourself now, if you have never said it before, which seems incredible to me. Say this: 'I can write songs, I can make music if I will, I can do what the great masters have done, I can create melody. Some day all the world shall listen when my thoughts speak, shall listen as it does to the great ones. I will make it listen! Dream!—dream it, child, if you cannot reason! Say to yourself, 'If it might be that, after I am dead long years, my name, like theirs, shall bring a glow to the heart of every man who hears it!' You do

not know how to praise God till you have thought such things."

"It is through such stirrings, too, such knowledge of greatness, that God teaches us humility," murmured Sylvia; "the one awakens the other. It is strange that it should be so."

"The one ought to awaken the other; I believe it was meant to," assented Enid; "but I do not think it always does,—at least, history does not show that it does."

They were silent, letting their thoughts travel along this side issue; but Jeanne brought them back to the subject in hand.

"I do not understand why you expect me to take pleasure in thinking about after I am dead," she questioned. "I really should not take pleasure in it. How could I?"

Enid laughed in spite of herself. "Think, then, of the joy of living and creating beautiful melody! You played something the other night, Jeanne, that might have been part of an Oratorio. Think what it means to be given the right to consecrate your life to the perfecting of a great art! Don't you want to do that?"

"I do not find it attractive," said Jeanne apologetically; "but I do not doubt that it might be so for any one who liked it," she added with elaborate politeness.

Nobody seemed to be able to say anything for some time after this. Enid bent the leaves of her book abstractedly, and Sylvia lay with her eyes closed. It is to be doubted whether, five years later, Enid could have taken the trouble to make this appeal to Jeanne's ambition; she might have learned by that time to be skeptical of genius, and ambition, too. But, as yet, she and Sylvia, and Jeanne were all young together, after their various fashions. These northerners were college-bred, and a college woman is invariably younger than other women of her own age. She had been accorded four years more of experiment, of freedom from responsibility,—in a word, of

girlhood. She had not been surprised into matrimony, nor huddled out upon the thick of the struggle for existence. She enters the battle armed with a maturity of power and a naïveté of inexperience which make her curiously valiant and impetuous.

A ray of sunshine came through the gallery shutters and lay, barred and wintry pale, upon the threshold of the open door. Down in the courtyard madame's mocking-bird whistled. Sylvia opened her eyes and smiled at Jeanne.

"I have remained too long," said Jeanne timidly; "I have wearied you by talking. You should have sent me away."

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Sylvia reassuringly. "I love to have you. Do not go."

But Jeanne was not to be persuaded. As she went along the gallery she sang the last stanza of the song Jacques liked:—

*"Je vous tends chaque jour la main,
Vous offrant l'amour qui m'opresse,
Mais vous passez votre chemin,
Vous ressemblez à ma jeunesse."*

Enid got up and walked around the room. She moved with a slow, swinging step, and yet softly, and she picked up and set down the small objects on the mantel-shelf and bureau in a restless manner that belied the deliberation of her tread.

"I could not have believed such a thing possible," she said at last. "I did not know talent ever came without also the desire to perfect its expression. Her music is exquisite, and she has no more care for it than if it were a tin trumpet."

"It is something to be released from the desire," said Sylvia huskily; "never to want, and want, at the same time doing nothing."

"I do not believe that there is release from the desire," said Enid gravely; "one must be born without it,—otherwise it remains."

From "Diana Victrix." By Florence Converse, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Ballads of Lost Haven. By Bliss Carman. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.00.
- Buddha-Fields, Gleanings in. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Celtic Church of Wales, The. By J. W. Willis Bund. D. Nutt, Publisher.
- Chautauqua Year Book. Selected and edited by Grace Leigh Duncan. The Pilgrim Press.
- Christ and His Mother in Italian Art. Edited by Julia Cartwright. Bliss, Sands & Co., Publishers.
- Comedy, An Essay on. By George Meredith. Constable & Co., Publishers.
- Cowboy, The Story of the. By E. Hough. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Davenant, John, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, The Life, letters and Writings of. Methuen & Co., Publishers.
- Diana Vietrix. By Florence Converse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.
- Economic Science and Practice. By L. L. Price. Methuen & Co., Publishers.
- Federal Judge, The. By Charles K. Lush. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Fiction, The New. By H. D. Traill. Hurst & Blackett, Publishers.
- France under Louis XV. By James Breck Perkins. Smith, Elder & Co., Publishers.
- Greeks in Thessaly, With the. By W. Kinnauld Rose. Methuen & Co., Publishers.
- Greek Testament, The Expositor's. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M. A.
- Holy Places, Among the. By Rev. James Kean, M. A., B. D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.
- Lady's Walk, The. By Mrs. Oliphant. Methuen & Co., Publishers.
- Lumen. By Camille Flammarion. Wm. Heinemann, Publisher.
- Migration of Birds, The. By Charles Dixon. Cox, Publisher.
- Monologues of the Dead. By G. W. Steevens. Methuen & Co., Publishers.
- Music, In Praise of. An Anthology. Elliott Stock, Publisher.
- Philip and Alexander of Macedon. By David G. Hogarth. John Murray, Publisher.
- Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. Smith, Elder & Co., Publishers.
- Potter's Wheel, The. By the Rev. John Watson, D. D. Hodder & Stoughton, Publishers.
- Raleigh, Sir Walter. By Martin A. S. Hume. "Builders of Greater Britain" Series. T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.
- Scottish Border Life. By J. C. Dibdin. Methuen & Co., Publishers.
- Swift, Selections from the Works of. Edited, with Life, Introduction and Notes by Henry Craik.
- Switzerland, Annals of. By Julia M. Colton. A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Varia. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.00.
- Waldenses, History of the. By Sophia V. Bompiani. A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.00.
- Waste and Repair in Modern Life. By Robson Roose, M. D. John Murray, Publisher.
- Wayfaring Men. By Edna Lyall. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.
- Woodland Life, The. By Edward Thomas. Blackwood, Publisher.

